III.

Though Surry boaſts its Catlands,
And Clermont kept ſo trim,
And ſome prefer ſweet Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim;
For aſk the gallant Briſtow*,
Who does in taſte excell,
If Strawb'ry-hill, if Strawb'ry-hill
Don't bear away the bell?

IV.

Since Denham ſung of Cooper's,
There's ſcarce a hill around
But what in ſong or ditty
Is turn'd to fairy-ground——
Ah, peace be with their memories!
I wiſh them wondrous well;
But Strawb'ry-hill, but Strawb'ry-hill
Muſt bear away the bell.

V.

Great William † dwells at Windſor,
As Edward did of old,
And many a Gaul and many a Scot
Have found him full as bold.
On lofty hills like Windſor
Such heroes ought to dwell;
Yet little folks like Strawb'ry-hill,
Like Strawb'ry-hill as well.

The 2d, 4th and 5th ſtanzas were added by Mr. W.

* William Briſtow, eſq. brother of the counteſs of Buckingham, friend of lord Bath, and a great pretender to taſte.

† William duke of Cumberland.

LIST OF THE BOOKS

Printed at Strawberry-hill.

TWO Odes by Mr. Gray; quarto, 1757: 1000 copies.

Tranſlation of part of Hentzner's Travels; ſmall octavo, 1757: 220 copies.

Royal and Noble Authors; 2 vol. ſmall oct. 1758: 300 copies.

Walpole's Fugitive Pieces; ſmall oct. 1758: 200 copies.

Whitworth's Account of Ruſſia; ſmall oct. 1758: 700 copies.

Spence's Parallel of Magliabechi and Hill; ſmall oct. 1758: 700 copies.

Bentley's Lucan; quarto, 1759: 500 copies.

Anecdotes of Painting; ſmall quarto, 3 vol. and 1 of Engravers; 1761; 600 copies.

A ſecond edition of the ſame, 1765.

Lord Herbert's Life; ſmall quarto, 1764: 200 copies.

Lady Temple's Poems, quarto, 1764: 100 copies.

Cornélie, Tragedie de Henaut; ſmall octavo, 1768: 200 copies; 150 went to Paris.

The Myſterious Mother, Tragedy; ſmall octavo, 1768: 50 copies.

Hoyland's Poems; ſmall octavo, 1769: 300 copies.

Memoires de Grammont; ſmall quarto, 1771: 100 copies: 30 went to Paris.

Letters of Edward VI. ſmall quarto, 1771: 200 copies.

Miſcellaneous Antiquities, 2 numbers; ſmall quarto 1772: 500 copies.

Deſcription of Strawberry-hill; ſmall quarto, 1774; 100 copies, 6 on large paper.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Dorinda, and Mr. Charles Fox's Verſes to Mrs. Crewe; ſmall quarto, 1775: 300 copies.

The Sleep-walker, Comedy, by lady Craven; ſmall octavo, 1778: 75 copies.

Letter to the Editor of Chatterton's Miſcellanies; octavo, 1779: 200 copies.

Mr. Charles Miller's Verſes to lady Horatia Waldegrave; ſmall quarto, 1780: 150 copies.

Fourth volume of The Anecdotes of Painting, printed in 1770, but not publiſhed till October 1780: 600 copies.

Mr. Jones's Ode on lord Althorp's Marriage; ſmall quarto, 1781: 250 copies.

Letter from the hon. Thomas Walpole; ſmall quarto, 1781: 120 copies.

Deſcription of Strawberry-hill; royal quarto, 1784: 200 copies.

N. B. Mr. Miller's, Mr. Fitzpatrick's, and Mr. Fox's Verſes, Hoyland's Poems, and Mr. T. Walpole's Letter, were only looſe ſheets or ſmall tracts.

ON

MODERN GARDENING.

ON

MODERN GARDENING.

GARDENING was probably one of the firſt arts that ſucceeded to that of building houſes, and naturally attended property and individual poſſeſſion. Culinary and afterwards medicinal herbs were the objects of every head of a family: it became convenient to have them within reach, without ſeeking them at random in woods, in meadows, and on mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceaſed to furniſh ſpontaneouſly all theſe primitive luxuries, and culture became requiſite, ſeparate encloſures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the ſame predicament, and thoſe moſt in uſe, or that demand attention, muſt have entered into and extended the domeſtic encloſure. The good man Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and was drunken, and every body knows the conſequences. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards. I am apprized that the prototype of all theſe ſorts was the garden of Eden; but as that Paradiſe was a good deal larger than any we read of afterwards, being encloſed by the rivers Piſon, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, as every tree that was pleaſant to the ſight and good for food grew in it, and as two other trees were likewiſe found there, of which not a ſlip or ſucker remains, it does not belong to the preſent diſcuſſion. After the fall, no man living was ſuffered to enter into the garden; and the poverty and neceſſities of our firſt anceſtors hardly allowed them time *to make improvements on their eſtates* in imitation of it, ſuppoſing any plan had been preſerved. A cottage and a ſlip of ground for a cabbage and a gooſeberry-buſh, ſuch as we ſee by the

ſize of a common, were in all probability the earlieſt ſeats and gardens: a well and bucket ſucceeded to the Hiſop and Euphrates. As ſettlements increaſed, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earlieſt princes of tribes poſſeſſed juſt the neceſſaries of a modern farmer.

Matters, we may well believe, remained long in this ſituation; and though the generality of mankind form their ideas from the import of words in their own age, we have no reaſon to think that for many centuries the term *garden* implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the garden of Eden, I do not doubt but he concludes it was ſomething approaching to that of Verſailles, with clipt hedges, berceaus, and trellis-work. If his devotion humbles him ſo far as to allow that, conſidering who deſigned it, there might be a labyrinth full of Æſop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largeſt rivers in the world were half ſo magnificent as an hundred fountains full of ſtatues by Girardon. It is thus that the word *garden* has at all times paſſed for whatever was underſtood by that term in different countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for ſeveral centuries, is evident from thoſe few deſcriptions that are preſerved of the moſt famous gardens of antiquity.

That of Alcinous, in the Odyſſey, is the moſt renowned in the heroic times. Is there an admirer of Homer who can read his deſcription without rapture; or who does not form to his imagination a ſcene of delights more picturesque than the landſcapes of Tinian or Juan Fernandez? Yet what was that boaſted Paradiſe with which

> the gods ordain'd
> To grace Alcinous and his happy land? POPE.

Why, diveſted of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a ſmall orchard and vineyard, with ſome beds of herbs and two fountains that watered them, encloſed within a quickſet hedge. The whole compaſs of this pompous garden encloſed—four acres.

> Four acres was th' allotted ſpace of ground,
> Fenc'd with a green encloſure all around.

The trees were apples, figs, pomegranates, pears, olives, and vines.

Tall thriving trees confeſs'd the fruitful mould;
The redd'ning apple ripens into gold.
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.

Alcinous's garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal ſummer, and no doubt an effort of imagination ſurpaſſing any thing he had ever ſeen. As he has beſtowed on the ſame happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of ſilver, he certainly intended that the garden ſhould be proportionably magnificent. We are ſure therefore, that as late as Homer's age an encloſure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard, and kitchen-garden, was a ſtretch of luxury the world at that time had never beheld.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were a ſtill greater prodigy. We are not acquainted with their diſpoſition or contents; but as they are ſuppoſed to have been formed on terraſſes and the walls of the palace, whither ſoil was conveyed on purpoſe, we are very certain of what they were not; I mean they muſt have been trifling, of no extent, and a wanton inſtance of expence and labour. In other words, they were what ſumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the preſent, unnatural, enriched by art, poſſibly with fountains, ſtatues, baluſtrades, and ſummer-houſes, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

From the days of Homer to thoſe of Pliny, we have no traces to lead our gueſs to what were the gardens of the intervening ages. When Roman authors, whoſe climate inſtilled a wiſh for cool retreats, ſpeak of their enjoyments in that kind, they ſigh for grottos, caves, and the refreſhing hollows of mountains, near irriguous and ſhady founts; or boaſt of their porticos, walks of planes, canals, baths, and breezes from the ſea. Their gardens are never mentioned as affording ſhade and ſhelter from the rage of the dog-ſtar. Pliny has left us deſcriptions of two of his villas. As he uſed his Laurentine villa for

his winter retreat, it is not ſurpriſing that the garden makes no conſiderable part of the account. All he ſays of it is, that the geſtatio or place of exerciſe, which ſurrounded the garden (the latter conſequently not being very large), was bounded by a hedge of box, and where that was periſhed, with rosemary; that there was a walk of vines, and that moſt of the trees were fig and mulberry, the ſoil not being proper for any other ſorts.

On his Tuſcan villa he is more diffuſe, the garden makes a conſiderable part of the deſcription—and what was the principal beauty of that pleaſure-ground? Exactly what was the admiration of this country about threeſcore years ago; box-trees cut into monſters, animals, letters, and the names of the maſter and the artificer. In an age when architecture diſplayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taſte; when aroſe Veſpaſian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and veſtiges of which ſtill excite our aſtoniſhment and curioſity; a Roman conſul, a poliſhed emperor's friend, and a man of elegant literature and taſte, delighted in what the mob now ſcarce admire in a college-garden. All the ingredients of Pliny's correſponded exactly with thoſe laid out by London and Wiſe on Dutch principles. He talks of ſlopes, terraſſes, a wilderneſs, ſhrubs methodically trimmed, a marble baſon*, pipes ſpouting water, a caſcade falling into the baſon, bay-trees alternately planted with planes, and a ſtraight walk, from whence iſſued others parted off by hedges of box, and apple-trees, with obeliſks placed between every two. There wants nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a garden in the reign of Trajan ſerve for a deſcription of one in that of king William †. In one paſſage above, Pliny ſeems to have conceived that natural irregularity might

* The Engliſh gardens deſcribed by Hentzner in the reign of Elizabeth are exact copies of thoſe of Pliny. In that at Whitehall was a ſun-dial and a jet-d'eau, which on turning a cock ſpurted out water and ſprinkled the ſpectators. In lord Burleigh's at Theobald's were obeliſks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with ciſterns of lead for bathing. At Hampton-court the garden walls were covered with roſemary; a cuſtom, he ſays, very common in England. At Theobald's was a labyrinth alſo; an ingenuity I ſhall mention preſently to have been frequent in that age.

† Dr. Plot, in his Natural hiſtory of Oxfordſhire, p. 380, ſeems to have been a great admirer of trees carved into the moſt heterogeneous forms, which he calls *topiary works*, and quotes one Laurembergius for ſaying that the Engliſh are as expert as moſt nations in that kind of ſculpture; for which Hampton-court was particularly remarkable. The doctor then names other gardens that flouriſhed with animals and caſtles, formed arte topiariâ, and above all a wren's neſt that was capacious enough to receive a man to ſit on a ſeat made within it for that purpoſe.

be a beauty: In opere urbaniſſimo, ſays he, ſubita velut illati ruris imitatio. Something like a rural view was contrived amidſt ſo much poliſhed compoſition. But the idea ſoon vaniſhed, lineal walks immediately enveloped the ſlight ſcene, and names and inſcriptions in box again ſucceeded to compenſate for the daring introduction of nature*.

In the paintings found at Herculaneum are a few traces of gardens, as may be ſeen in the ſecond volume of the prints. They are ſmall ſquare enclоſures formed by trellis-work, and eſpaliers †, and regularly ornamented with vaſes, fountains and careatides, elegantly ſymmetrical, and proper for the narrow ſpaces allotted to the garden of a houſe in a capital city. From ſuch I would not baniſh thoſe playful waters that refreſh a ſultry manſion in town, nor the neat trellis, which preſerves its wooden verdure better than natural greens expoſed to duſt. Thoſe treillages in the gardens at Paris, particularly on the Boulevard, have a gay and delightful effect. They form light corridores, and tranſpicuous arbours through which the ſun-beams play and chequer the ſhade, ſet off the ſtatues, vaſes and flowers, that marry with their gaudy hotels, and

* But though Pliny only caught an ideal glimpſe of a poſſibility that nature might be no bad decoration; yet there had been a prince, who amidſt all his wildneſs of extravagant expence, (one of his ſlighteſt faults) had diſcovered real taſte; and had alſo diſcovered two men of real genius who were capable of executing his moſt daring ideas: and his ideas had anticipated the principles of modern gardening, and beſpoken as accompaniment to the moſt coſtly of all palaces ground laid out with all the freedom of nature. How will my readers be ſurpriſed to hear that Nero himſelf was the prince in queſtion! The fact is indubitable, is recorded by a moſt admired claſſic, and yet has never been noticed, till a gentleman ‡ who reads and writes with the penetrating obſervation of Tacitus, furniſhed me with the following quotation from book xv of the Annals of that maſterly author.

Taciti Annal. lib. xv. near the middle. Ceterum Nero uſus eſt patriæ ruinis, extruxitque domum, in qua haud perinde gemmæ et aurum miraculo eſſent, ſolita pridem et luxu vulgata; quam arva, et ſtagna, et, in modum ſolitudinum, hinc ſilvæ, inde aperta ſpatia, et proſpectus. Magiſtris et machinatoribus Severo et Celere, quibus ingenium et audacia erat etiam quæ natura denegaviſſet per artem tentare.

"Beſides, Nero availed himſelf of the ruins of his country, and built a houſe in which gems and gold, formerly of uſual and common luxury, were not ſo much to be admired as fields and lakes; and, as in deſerts, here woods, there open ſpaces and proſpects. The maſters and deſigners being Severus and Celer; men poſſeſt of genius and courage to attempt by art even what nature had denied."

† At Warwick-caſtle is an ancient ſuit of arras, in which there is a garden exactly reſembling theſe pictures of Herculaneum.

‡ Mr. Pinkerton.

ſuit the gallant and idle ſociety who paint the walls between their parterres, and realize the fantaſtic ſcenes of Watteau and D'Urfey.

From what I have ſaid, it appears how naturally and inſenſibly the idea of a kitchen-garden ſlid into that which has for ſo many ages been peculiarly termed a garden, and by our anceſtors in this country diſtinguiſhed by the name of a pleaſure-garden. A ſquare piece of ground was originally parted off in early ages for the uſe of the family: to exclude cattle, and aſcertain the property, it was ſeparated from the fields by a hedge. As pride and deſire of privacy increaſed, the encloſure was dignified by walls; and in climes where fruits were not laviſhed by the ripening glow of nature and ſoil, fruit-trees were aſſiſted and ſheltered from ſurrounding winds by the like expedient; for the inundation of luxuries which have ſwelled into general neceſſities, have almoſt all taken their ſource from the ſimple fountain of reaſon.

When the cuſtom of making ſquare gardens encloſed with walls was thus eſtabliſhed, to the excluſion of nature and proſpect*, pomp and ſolitude combined to call for ſomething that might enrich and enliven the inſipid and unanimated partition. Fountains, firſt invented for uſe, which grandeur loves to diſguiſe and throw out of the queſtion, received embelliſhments from coſtly marbles, and at laſt, to contradict utility, toſſed their waſte of waters into air in ſpouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at firſt been made a ſuccedaneum to nature; in the hands of oſtentatious wealth, it became the means of oppoſing nature; and the more it traverſed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonſtrated. Canals meaſured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering ſtreams, and terraſſes were hoiſted aloft in oppoſition to the facile ſlopes that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Baluſtrades defended theſe precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of ſteps rejoined them to the ſubjacent flat from which the terraſs had been dug. Vaſes and ſculpture were added to theſe unneceſſary balconies, and ſtatues finiſhed the lifeleſs ſpot with mimic repreſentations of the excluded ſons of men. Thus difficulty and expence were the conſtituent parts of thoſe ſumptuous and ſelfiſh ſolitudes; and every improvement that was made, was but a ſtep farther from nature. The tricks of water-works to wet the unwary,

* It was not uncommon, after the circumadjacent country had been ſhut out, to endeavour to recover it by raiſing large mounts of earth to peep over the walls of the garden.

not to refreſh the panting ſpectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childiſh endeavours of faſhion and novelty to reconcile greatneſs to what it had ſurfeited on. To crown theſe impotent diſplays of falſe taſte, the ſheers were applied to the lovely wildneſs of form with which nature has diſtinguiſhed each various ſpecies of tree and ſhrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the uſeful elm, even the aſpiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the cheſnut, and the almoſt moulded orange-tree, were corrected by ſuch fantaſtic admirers of ſymmetry. The compaſs and ſquare were of more uſe in plantations than the nurſeryman. The meaſured walk, the quincunx, and the etoile impoſed their unſatisfying ſameneſs on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed, and their ſides pared away; many French groves ſeem green cheſts ſet upon poles. Seats of marble, arbours and ſummer-houſes, terminated every viſto; and ſymmetry, even where the ſpace was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was ſo eſſential, that, as Pope obſerved,

——— each alley has a brother,
And half the garden juſt reflects the other.

Knots of flowers were more defenſibly ſubjected to the ſame regularity. Leiſure, as Milton expreſſed it,

In trim gardens took his pleaſure.

In the garden of marſhal de Biron at Paris, conſiſting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each ſide by lines of flower-pots, which ſucceed in their ſeaſons. When I ſaw it, there were nine thouſand pots of aſters, or la reine Marguerite.

We do not preciſely know what our anceſtors meant by a bower: it was probably an arbour; ſometimes it meant the whole frittered encloſure, and in one inſtance it certainly included a labyrinth. Roſamond's bower was indiſputably of that kind, though whether compoſed of walls or hedges we cannot determine*. A ſquare and a round labyrinth were ſo capital ingredients of a

* Drayton, in a note to his Epiſtle of Roſamond, ſays her labyrinth was built of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and ſtone—but, as Mr. Gough obſerves, he gives no authority for that aſſertion. Vide Pref. to 2d edit. of Britiſh Topography, p. xxx. Such vaults might remain to Drayton's time, but did not prove that there had been no ſuperſtructure.

garden

garden formerly, that in Du Cerceau's architecture, who lived in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. there is ſcarce a ground-plot without one of each. The enchantment of antique appellations has conſecrated a pleaſing idea of a royal reſidence, of which we now regret the extinction. Havering in the Bower, the jointure of many dowager queens, conveys to us the notion of a romantic ſcene.

In Kip's views of the ſeats of our nobility and gentry, we ſee the ſame tireſome and returning uniformity. Every houſe is approached by two or three gardens, conſiſting perhaps of a gravel-walk and two graſs-plats, or borders of flowers. Each riſes above the other by two or three ſteps, and as many walls and terraſſes; and ſo many iron gates, that we recollect thoſe ancient romances, in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. At lady Orford's at Piddletown in Dorſetſhire, there was, when my brother married, a double encloſure of thirteen gardens, each I ſuppoſe not much above an hundred yards ſquare, with an enfilade of correſpondent gates; and before you arrived at theſe, you paſſed a narrow gut between two ſtone terraſſes, that roſe above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in thoſe times, a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

This, like other ſilly faſhions, which, begun without meaning, are frequently continued with as little, laſted down to the reign of king William, and fell in with the mechanic taſte of the Dutch. There was a maze in lord Arlington's garden, on the ſite where is now the queen's houſe in St. James's park, thus celebrated in Latin verſe by Charles Dryden in a volume of his father's Miſcellanies. Vide Horti Arlingtoniani, vol. i. part ii. p. 273. 276.

Nec te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris!
Hic magnus labor ille et inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Theſea duxit
Ah nimis infelix per fila ſequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes,
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina Veſper
Deficiente die accendit; ſed longius ipſam
Hic ſecum placidè cupiunt conſumere noctem,

Dum

Dum ſuper arboreos modulans luſſinia ramos
Dulce melos iterat, teneroſque invitat amores.

In the royal garden at Hampton-court, planted in William's reign, there ſtill exiſts, to the delight of ſchool-boys and to the admiration of country viſitors, a ſpecimen of thoſe inſipid ingenuities.

Yet though theſe and ſuch prepoſterous inconveniencies prevailed from age to age, good ſenſe in this country had perceived the want of ſomething at once more grand and more natural. Theſe reflections, and the bounds ſet to the waſte made by royal ſpoilers, gave origin to parks. They were contracted foreſts, and extended gardens. Hentzner ſays, that according to Rous of Warwick the firſt park was that at Woodſtock. If ſo, it might be the foundation of a legend that Henry II. ſecured his miſtreſs in a labyrinth: it was no doubt more difficult to find her in a park than in a palace, when the intricacy of the woods and various lodges buried in covert might conceal her actual habitation.

It is more extraordinary, that having ſo long ago ſtumbled on the principle of modern gardening, we ſhould have perſiſted in retaining its reverſe, ſymmetrical and unnatural gardens. That parks were rare in other countries, Hentzner, who travelled over great part of Europe, leads us to ſuppoſe, by obſerving that they were common in England. In France they retain the name, but nothing is more different both in compaſs and diſpoſition. Their parks are uſually ſquare or oblong encloſures, regularly planted with walks of cheſnuts or limes, and generally every large town has one for its public recreation. They are exactly like Burton's court at Chelſea college, and rarely larger.

One man, one great man we had, on whom nor education nor cuſtom could impoſe their prejudices; who, *on evil days though fallen, and with darkneſs and ſolitude compaſſed round*, judged that the miſtaken and fantaſtic ornaments he had ſeen in gardens, were unworthy of the almighty hand that planted the delights of Paradiſe. He ſeems with the prophetic eye of taſte [as I have heard taſte well* defined] to have conceived, to have foreſeen modern gardening; as lord Bacon announced the diſcoveries ſince made by

* By the great lord Chatham, who had a good taſte himſelf in modern gardening, as he ſhowed by his own villas in Enfield Chace and at Hayes.

experi-

experimental philoſophy. The deſcription of Eden is a warmer and more juſt picture of the preſent ſtyle than Claud Lorrain could have painted from Hagley or Stourhead. The firſt lines I ſhall quote exhibit Stourhead on a more magnificent ſcale.

Thro' Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but thro' the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulph'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mound, high rais'd
Upon the rapid current——

Hagley ſeems pictured in what follows,

which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt updrawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden——

What colouring, what freedom of pencil, what landſcape in theſe lines,

——from that ſapphire fount the criſpèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe, which not *nice art*
In beds and curious knots, but *nature* boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The *open field*, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs.—*Thus was this place*
A happy rural ſeat of various view.

Read this tranſporting deſcription, paint to your mind the ſcenes that follow, contraſt them with the ſavage but reſpectable terror with which the poet guards the bounds of his Paradiſe, fenced

——with the champain head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs, whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,

Acceſs

Acceſs denied; and over head upgrew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A ſylvan ſcene, and, as the ranks aſcend,
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtateſieſt view.—

and then recollect that the author of this ſublime viſion had never ſeen a glimpſe of any thing like what he has imagined; that his favourite ancients had dropped not a hint of ſuch divine ſcenery; and that the conceits in Italian gardens, and Theobald's and Nonſuch, were the brighteſt originals that his memory could furniſh. His intellectual eye ſaw a nobler plan, ſo little did he ſuffer by the loſs of ſight. It ſufficed him to have ſeen the materials with which he could work. The vigour of a boundleſs imagination told him how a plan might be diſpoſed, that would embelliſh nature, and reſtore art to its proper office, the juſt improvement or imitation of it*.

It is neceſſary that the concurrent teſtimony of the age ſhould ſwear to poſterity that the deſcription above quoted was written above half a century before the introduction of modern gardening, or our incredulous deſcendants will defraud the poet of half his glory, by being perſuaded that he copied ſome garden or gardens he had ſeen—ſo minutely do his ideas correſpond with the preſent ſtandard. But what ſhall we ſay for that intervening half century who could read that plan and never attempt to put it in execution?

Now let us turn to an admired writer, poſterior to Milton, and ſee how cold, how inſipid, how taſteleſs is his account of what he pronounced a perfect garden. I ſpeak not of his ſtyle, which it was not neceſſary for him to animate with the colouring and glow of poetry. It is his want of ideas, of imagination, of taſte, that I cenſure, when he dictated on a ſubject that is capable of all the graces that a knowledge of beautiful nature can beſtow. Sir William Temple was an excellent man; Milton, a genius of the firſt order.

* Since the above was written, I have found Milton praiſed and ſir William Temple cenſured, on the ſame foundations, in a poem called The riſe and progreſs of the preſent taſte in planting, printed in 1767.

"We cannot wonder that Sir William declares in favour of parterres, fountains and ſtatues, as neceſſary to break the ſameneſs of large graſs-plats, which he thinks have an ill effect upon the eye, when he acknowledges that he diſcovers fancy in the gardens of Alcinous. Milton ſtudied the ancients with equal enthuſiaſm, but no bigotry, and had judgment to diſtinguiſh between the want of invention and the beauties of poetry. Compare his Paradiſe with Homer's garden, both aſcribed to a celeſtial deſign. For Sir William, it is juſt to obſerve, that his ideas centred in a fruit-garden. He had the honour of giving to his country many delicate fruits, and he thought of little elſe than diſpoſing them to the beſt advantage. Here is the paſſage I propoſed to quote; it is long, but I need not make an apology to the reader for entertaining him with any other words inſtead of my own.

"The beſt figure of a garden is either a ſquare or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a deſcent: they have all their beauties, but the beſt I eſteem an oblong upon a deſcent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expence, which is very great in finiſhing and ſupporting the terraſs-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the ſtone-ſtairs that are neceſſary from one to the other.

"The perfecteſt figure of a garden I ever ſaw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-park in Hertfordſhire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the counteſs of Bedford, eſteemed among the greateſt wits of her time, and celebrated by doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much coſt; but greater ſums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want ſenſe in proportion to money, or *if nature be not followed*, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing elſe, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments." [We ſhall ſee how *natural* that admired garden was.]

"Becauſe I take * the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the moſt beautiful and perfect, at leaſt in the figure and diſpoſition, that I have ever ſeen, I will deſcribe it for a model to thoſe that meet with ſuch a ſituation, and are above the regards of common expence. It lies on the ſide of a hill, upon which the houſe ſtands, but not very ſteep. The length of the

* This garden ſeems to have been made after the plan laid down by lord Bacon in his 46th eſſay; to which, that I may not multiply quotations, I will refer the reader.

houſe,

houſe, where the beſt rooms and of moſt uſe or pleaſure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terraſs gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may lie, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border ſet with ſtandard laurels and at large diſtances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three deſcents by many ſtone ſteps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight ſtatues in the ſeveral quarters. At the end of the terraſs-walk are two ſummer-houſes, and the ſides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloiſters open to the garden, upon arches of ſtone, and ending with two other ſummer-houſes even with the cloiſters, which are paved with ſtone, and deſigned for walks of ſhade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over theſe two cloiſters are two terraſſes covered with lead and fenced with baluſters; and the paſſage into theſe airy walks is out of the two ſummer-houſes at the end of the firſt terraſs-walk. The cloiſter facing the ſouth is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-houſe, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been caſt for that purpoſe, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

"From the middle of this parterre is a deſcent by many ſteps flying on each ſide of a grotto that lies between them, covered with lead and flat, into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the ſeveral quarters of a wilderneſs which is very ſhady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embelliſhed with figures of ſhell rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is ſupplied by a garden on the other ſide the houſe, which is all of that ſort, very wild, ſhady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

"This was Moor-park, when I was acquainted with it, and the ſweeteſt place, I think, that I have ſeen in my life, either before or ſince, at home or abroad."

I will make no farther remarks on this deſcription. Any man might de-

ſign and *build* as ſweet a garden, who had been born in and never ſtirred out of Holbourn. It was not peculiar to ſir William Temple to think in that manner. How many Frenchmen are there who have ſeen *our* gardens, and ſtill prefer *natural* flights of ſteps and ſhady cloiſters covered with lead! Le Nôtre, the architect of the groves and grottos of Verſailles, came hither on a miſſion to improve our taſte. He planned St. James's and Greenwich parks—no great monuments of his invention.

To do farther juſtice to ſir William Temple, I muſt not omit what he adds: "What I have ſaid of the beſt forms of gardens, is meant only of ſuch as are in ſome ſort regular; for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others: but they muſt owe it to ſome extraordinary diſpoſitions of nature in the ſeat, *or ſome great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance*, which may reduce many diſagreeing parts *into ſome figure*, which ſhall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have ſeen in ſome places, but heard more of it from others, who have lived much among the Chineſe, a people whoſe way of thinking ſeems to lie as wide of ours in Europe, as their country does. Their greateſt reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty ſhall be great and ſtrike the eye, but without any order or diſpoſition of parts that ſhall be commonly or eaſily obſerved. And though we have hardly any notion of this ſort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to expreſs it; and where they find it hit their eye at firſt ſight, they ſay the ſharawadgi is fine or is admirable, or any ſuch expreſſion of eſteem—but I ſhould hardly adviſe any of theſe attempts in the figure of gardens among us; they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands: and though there may be more honour if they ſucceed well, yet there is more diſhonour if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults."

Fortunately Kent and a few others were not quite ſo timid, or we might ſtill be going up and down ſtairs in the open air.

It is true, we have heard much lately, as ſir William Temple did, of irregularity and imitations of nature in the gardens or grounds of the Chineſe. The former is certainly true; they are as whimſically irregular as European gardens are formally uniform and unvaried—but with regard to nature, it

ſeems as much avoided as in the ſquares and oblongs and ſtraight lines of our anceſtors. An artificial perpendicular rock ſtarting out of a flat plain, and connected with nothing, often pierced through in various places with oval hollows, has no more pretenſion to be deemed natural than a lineal terrais or a parterre. The late Mr. Joſeph Spence, who had both taſte and zeal for the preſent ſtyle, was ſo perſuaded of the Chineſe emperor's pleaſure-ground being laid out on principles reſembling ours, that he tranſlated and publiſhed, under the name of ſir Harry Beaumont, a particular account of that enclo-ſure from the collection of the letters of the Jeſuits. I have looked it over; and, except a determined irregularity, can find nothing in it that gives me any idea of attention being paid to nature. It is of vaſt circumference, and con-tains 200 palaces, beſides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted and varniſhed. There are raiſed hills from 20 to 60 feet high, ſtreams and lakes, and one of the latter five miles round. Theſe waters are paſſed by bridges, but even their bridges muſt not be ſtraight—they ſerpentiſe as much as the rivulets, and are ſometimes ſo long as to be furniſhed with reſting-places, and begin and end with triumphal arches. Methinks a ſtraight canal is as ra-tional at leaſt as a meandering bridge. The colonnades undulate in the ſame manner. In ſhort, this pretty gaudy ſcene is the work of caprice and whim, and, when we reflect on their buildings, preſents no image but that of un-ſubſtantial tawdrineſs. Nor is this all. Within this fantaſtic paradiſe is a ſquare town, each ſide a mile long. Here the eunuchs of the court, to enter-tain his imperial majeſty with the buſtle and buſineſs of the capital in which he reſides, but which it is not of his dignity ever to ſee, act merchants and all ſorts of trades, and even deſignedly exerciſe for his royal amuſement every art of knavery that is practiſed under his auſpicious government. Methinks this is the childiſh ſolace and repoſe of grandeur, not a retirement from affairs to the delights of rural life. Here too his majeſty plays at agriculture; there is a quarter ſet apart for that purpoſe; the eunuchs ſow, reap, and carry in their harveſt in the imperial preſence; and his majeſty returns to Pekin per-ſuaded that he has been in the country *.

Having

* The French have of late years adopted our ſtyle in gardens; but chooſing to be fundamental-ly obliged to more remote rivals, they deny us half the merit, or rather the originality of the in-vention, by aſcribing the diſcovery to the Chi-neſe, and by calling our taſte in gardening le goût Anglo-Chinois. I think I have ſhown that this is a blunder, and that the Chineſe have paſſed to one extremity of abſurdity, as the French and all antiquity had advanced to the other, both be-ing

Having thus cleared my way by aſcertaining what have been the ideas on gardening in all ages, as far as we have materials to judge by, it remains to ſhow to what degree Mr. Kent invented the new ſtyle, and what hints he had received to ſuggeſt and conduct his undertaking.

We have ſeen what Moor-park was, when pronounced a ſtandard. But as no ſucceeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itſelf with the perfection eſtabliſhed by its anceſtors, more perfect perfection was ſtill ſought; and improvements had gone on, till London and Wiſe had ſtocked our gardens with giants, animals, monſters *, coats of arms and mottos, in yew, box and holly. Abſurdity could go no farther, and the tide turned. Bridgman,

ing equally remote from nature: regular formality is the oppoſite point to fantaſtic ſharawadgis. The French, indeed, during the faſhionable paroxyſm of philoſophy, have ſurpaſſed us, at leaſt in meditation on the art. I have peruſed a grave treatiſe of recent date, in which the author, extending his views beyond mere luxury and amuſement, has endeavoured to inſpire his countrymen, even in the gratification of their expenſive pleaſures, with benevolent projects. He propoſes to them to combine gardening with charity, and to make every ſtep of their walks an act of generoſity and a leſſon of morality. Inſtead of adorning favourite points with a heathen temple, a Chineſe pagoda, a Gothic tower, or fictitious bridge, he propoſes to them, at the firſt reſting-place to erect a ſchool; a little farther to found an academy; at a third diſtance, a manufacture; and at the termination of the park to endow an hoſpital. Thus, ſays he, the proprietor would be led to meditate, as he ſaunters, on the different ſtages of human life; and both his expence and thoughts would march in a progreſſion of patriotic acts and reflections. When he was laying out ſo magnificent, charitable, and philoſophic an Utopian villa, it would have coſt no more to have added a foundling-hoſpital, a ſenate-houſe, and a burying-ground.—If I ſmile at ſuch viſions, ſtill one muſt be glad that in the whirl of faſhions beneficence ſhould have its turn in vogue; and though the French treat the virtues like every thing elſe, but as an object of mode, it is to be hoped that they too will, every now and then, come into faſhion again. The author I have been mentioning reminds me of a French gentleman, who ſome years ago made me a viſit at Strawberry-hill. He was ſo complaiſant as to commend the place, and to approve our taſte in gardens—but in the ſame ſtyle of thinking with the above-cited author, he ſaid, "I do not like your imaginary temples and fictitious terminations of views: I would have real points of view with moving objects: for inſtance, here I would have—(I forget what)—and there a watering-place." "That is not ſo eaſy," I replied; "one cannot oblige others to aſſemble at ſuch or ſuch a ſpot for one's amuſement:—however, I am glad you would like a watering-place, for *there* happens to be one; in that creek of the Thames the inhabitants of the village do actually water their horſes: but I doubt whether, if it were not *convenient* to them to do ſo, they would frequent the ſpot only to enliven my proſpect."—Such Gallo-Chinois gardens, I apprehend, will rarely be executed.

* On the piers of a garden-gate not far from Paris I obſerved two very coquet ſphinxes. Theſe lady monſters had ſtraw hats gracefully ſmart on one ſide of their heads, and ſilken cloaks half veiling their necks; all executed in ſtone.

the next fashionable designer of gardens, was far more chaste; and, whether from good sense, or that the nation had been struck and reformed by the admirable paper in the Guardian, N° 173, he banished verdant sculpture, and did not even revert to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdained to make every division tally to its opposite; and though he still adhered much to straight walks with high clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified by wilderness, and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges. I have observed in the garden* at Gubbins in Hertfordshire many detached thoughts that strongly indicate the dawn of modern taste. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured farther, and in the royal garden at Richmond dared to introduce cultivated fields, and even morsels of a forest appearance, by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks, that stretched out of one into another without intermission. But this was not till other innovators had broken loose too from rigid symmetry.

But the capital stroke, the leading step to all that has followed, was (I believe the first thought was Bridgman's) the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fossés—an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk.

One of the first gardens planted in this simple though still formal style, was my father's at Houghton. It was laid out by Mr. Eyre, an imitator of Bridgman. It contains three-and-twenty acres, then reckoned a considerable portion.

I call a sunk fence the leading step, for these reasons: No sooner was this simple enchantment made, than levelling, mowing and rolling, followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the sunk fence was to be harmonised with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be set free from its prim regularity, that it might assort with the wilder country without. The sunk fence ascertained the specific garden; but that it might not draw too ob-

* The seat of the late sir Jeremy Sambroke. It had formerly belonged to lady More, mother-in-law of sir Thomas More, and had been tyrannically wrenched from her by Henry VIII. on the execution of sir Thomas, though not her son, and though her jointure from a former husband.

vious

vious a line of diſtinction between the neat and the rude, the contiguous outlying parts came to be included in a kind of general deſign: and when nature was taken into the plan, under improvements, every ſtep that was made, pointed out new beauties, and inſpired new ideas. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taſte the charms of landſcape, bold and opiniative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to ſtrike out a great ſyſtem from the twilight of imperfect eſſays. He leaped the fence, and ſaw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contraſt of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, taſted the beauty of the gentle ſwell, or concave ſcoop, and remarked how looſe groves crowned an eaſy eminence with happy ornament, and, while they called in the diſtant view between their graceful ſtems, removed and extended the perſpective by deluſive compariſon.

Thus the pencil of his imagination beſtowed all the arts of landſcape on the ſcenes he handled. The great principles on which he worked were perſpective, and light and ſhade. Groupes of trees broke too uniform or too extenſive a lawn; evergreens and woods were oppoſed to the glare of the champain; and where the view was leſs fortunate, or ſo much expoſed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out ſome parts by thick ſhades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richeſt ſcene more enchanting by reſerving it to a farther advance of the ſpectator's ſtep. Thus ſelecting favourite objects, and veiling deformities by ſcreens of plantation, ſometimes allowing the rudeſt waſte to add its foil to the richeſt theatre, he realiſed the compoſitions of the greateſt maſters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon, his taſte as an architect could beſtow immediate termination. His buildings, his ſeats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compaſſes. We owe the reſtoration of Greece and the diffuſion of architecture to his ſkill in landſcape.

But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none ſurpaſſed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular baſons, and caſcades tumbling down marble ſteps, that laſt abſurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle ſtream was taught to ſerpentiſe ſeemingly at its pleaſure; and where diſcontinued by different levels, its courſe appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interſperſed, and glittered again at a diſtance where it might be ſuppoſed naturally to arrive. Its borders were ſmoothed, but preſerved their waving irregularity.

irregularity. A few trees ſcattered here and there on its edges ſprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its meanders; and when it diſappeared among the hills, ſhades deſcending from the heights leaned towards its progreſs, and framed the diſtant point of light under which it was loſt, as it turned aſide to either hand of the blue horizon.

Thus dealing in none but the colours of nature, and catching its moſt favourable features, men ſaw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landſcape was chaſtened or poliſhed, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees; they extended their branches unreſtricted; and where any eminent oak, or maſter beech, had eſcaped maiming, and ſurvived the foreſt, buſh and bramble were removed, and all its honours were reſtored to diſtinguiſh and ſhade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and ſtood venerable in its darkneſs, Kent thinned the foremoſt ranks, and left but ſo many detached and ſcattered trees, as ſoftened the approach of gloom, and blended a chequered light with the thus lengthened ſhadows of the remaining columns.

Succeeding artiſts have added new maſter-ſtrokes to theſe touches; perhaps improved or brought to perfection ſome that I have named. The introduction of foreign trees and plants, which we owe principally to Archibald duke of Argyle, contributed eſſentially to the richneſs of colouring ſo peculiar to our modern landſcape. The mixture of various greens, the contraſt of forms between our foreſt-trees and the northern and Weſt-Indian firs and pines, are improvements more recent than Kent, or but little known to him. The weeping-willow and every florid ſhrub, each tree of delicate or bold leaf, are new tints in the compoſition of our gardens. The laſt century was certainly acquainted with many of thoſe rare plants we now admire. The Weymouth pine has long been naturaliſed here; the patriarch plant ſtill exiſts at Longleat. The light and graceful acacia was known as early; witneſs thoſe ancient ſtems in the court of Bedford-houſe in Bloomſbury-ſquare; and in the biſhop of London's garden at Fulham are many exotics of very ancient date. I doubt therefore whether the difficulty of preſerving them in a clime ſo foreign to their nature did not convince our anceſtors of their inutility in general; unleſs the ſhapelineſs of the lime and horſe-cheſnut, which accorded ſo well with eſtabliſhed regularity, and which thence and from their novelty grew in faſhion, did not occaſion the neglect of the more curious plants.

But juſt as the encomiums are that I have beſtowed on Kent's diſcoveries, he was neither without aſſiſtance nor faults. Mr. Pope undoubtedly contributed to form his taſte. The deſign of the prince of Wales's garden at Carlton-houſe was evidently borrowed from the poet's at Twickenham. There was a little of affected modeſty in the latter, when he ſaid, of all his works he was moſt proud of his garden. And yet it was a ſingular effort of art and taſte to impreſs ſo much variety and ſcenery on a ſpot of five acres. The paſſing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again aſſembling ſhades, the duſky groves, the larger lawn, and the ſolemnity of the termination at the cypreſſes that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquiſite judgment: and though lord Peterborough aſſiſted him

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,

thoſe were not the moſt pleaſing ingredients of his little perſpective.

I do not know whether the diſpoſition of the garden at Rouſham, laid out for general Dormer, and in my opinion the moſt engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at leaſt in the opening and retiring ſhades of Venus's vale. The whole is as elegant and antique as if the emperor Julian had ſelected the moſt pleaſing ſolitude about Daphne to enjoy a philoſophic retirement.

That Kent's ideas were but rarely great, was in ſome meaſure owing to the novelty of his art. It would have been difficult to have tranſported the ſtyle of gardening at once from a few acres to tumbling of foreſts: and though new faſhions like new religions (which are new faſhions) often lead men to the moſt oppoſite exceſſes, it could not be the caſe in gardening, where the experiments would have been ſo expenſive. Yet it is true too that the features in Kent's landſcapes were ſeldom majeſtic. His clumps were puny; he aimed at immediate effect, and planted not for futurity. One ſees no large woods ſketched out by his direction. Nor are we yet entirely riſen above a too great frequency of ſmall clumps, eſpecially in the elbows of ſerpentine rivers. How common to ſee three or four beeches, then as many larches, a third knot of cypreſſes, and a revolution of all three! Kent's laſt deſigns were in a higher ſtyle, as his ideas opened on ſucceſs. The north terraſs at Claremont was much ſuperior to the reſt of the garden.

A return

A return of ſome particular thoughts was common to him with other painters, and made his *hand* known. A ſmall lake edged by a winding bank with ſcattered trees that led to a ſeat at the head of the pond, was common to Claremont, Eſher, and others of his deſigns. At Eſher,

Where Kent and nature vied for Pelham's love,

the proſpects more than aided the painter's genius—they marked out the points where his art was neceſſary or not; but thence left his judgment in poſſeſſion of all its glory.

Having routed *profeſſed* art, for the modern gardener exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent, like other reformers, knew not how to ſtop at the juſt limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her ſo happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kenſington garden he planted dead trees, to give a greater air of truth to the ſcene—but he was ſoon laughed out of this exceſs. His ruling principle was, that *nature abhors a ſtraight line*—His mimics, for every genius has his apes, ſeemed to think that ſhe could love nothing but what was crooked. Yet ſo many men of taſte of all ranks devoted themſelves to the new improvements, that it is ſurpriſing how much beauty has been ſtruck out, with how few abſurdities. Still in ſome lights the reformation ſeems to me to have been puſhed too far. Though an avenue croſſing a park or ſeparating a lawn, and intercepting views from the ſeat to which it leads, are capital faults; yet a great avenue* cut through woods, perhaps before entering a park, has a noble air, and,

Like footmen running before coaches
To tell the inn what lord approaches,

announces the habitation of ſome man of diſtinction. In other places, the total baniſhment of all particular neatneſs immediately about a houſe, which is frequently left gazing by itſelf in the middle of a park, is a defect.

* Of this kind one of the moſt noble is that of Stanſtead, the ſeat of the earl of Halifax, traverſing an ancient wood for two miles and bounded by the ſea. The very extenſive lawns at that ſeat, richly encloſed by venerable beech woods, and chequered by ſingle beeches of vaſt ſize, particularly when you ſtand in the portico of the temple and ſurvey the landſcape that waſtes itſelf in rivers of broken ſea, recall ſuch exact pictures of Claud Lorrain, that it is difficult to conceive that he did not paint them from this very ſpot.

Sheltered and even close walks; in so very uncertain a climate as ours, are comforts ill exchanged for the few picturesque days that we enjoy: and whenever a family can purloin a warm and even something of an old-fashioned garden from the landscape designed for them by the undertaker in fashion, without interfering with the pictures, they will find satisfactions on those days that do not invite strangers to come and see their improvements.

Fountains have with great reason been banished from gardens as unnatural; but it surprises me that they have not been allotted to their proper positions, to cities, towns, and the courts of great houses, as proper accompaniments to architecture, and as works of grandeur in themselves. Their decorations admit the utmost invention; and when the waters are thrown up to different stages, and tumble over their border, nothing has a more imposing or a more refreshing sound. A palace demands its external graces and attributes, as much as a garden. Fountains and cypresses peculiarly become buildings; and no man can have been at Rome, and seen the vast basons of marble dashed with perpetual cascades in the area of St. Peter's, without retaining an idea of taste and splendour. Those in the piazza Navona are as useful as sublimely conceived.

Grottos in this climate are recesses only to be looked at transiently. When they are regularly composed within of symmetry and architecture, as in Italy, they are only splendid improprieties. The most judiciously, indeed most fortunately placed grotto is that at Stourhead, where the river bursts from the urn of its god, and passes on its course through the cave.

But it is not my business to lay down rules for gardens, but to give the history of them. A system of rules pushed to a great degree of refinement, and collected from the best examples and practice, has been lately given in a book entitled *Observations on modern Gardening*. The work is very ingeniously and carefully executed, and in point of utility rather exceeds than omits any necessary directions. The author will excuse me if I think it a little excess, when he examines that rude and unappropriated scene of Matlock-bath, and criticises nature for having bestowed on the rapid river Derwent too many cascades. How can this censure be brought home to gardening? The management of rocks is a province can fall to few directors of gardens; still in our distant provinces such a guide may be necessary.

The

The author divides his ſubject into gardens, parks, farms, and ridings. I do not mean to find fault with this diviſion. Directions are requiſite to each kind, and each has its department at many of the great ſcenes from whence he drew his obſervations. In the hiſtoric light, I diſtinguiſh them into the garden that connects itſelf with a park, into the ornamented farm, and into the foreſt or ſavage garden. Kent, as I have ſhown, invented or eſtabliſhed the firſt ſort. Mr. Philip Southcote founded the ſecond, or ferme ornée *, of which is a very juſt deſcription in the author I have been quoting. The third I think he has not enough diſtinguiſhed. I mean that kind of alpine ſcene, compoſed almoſt wholly of pines and firs, a few birch, and ſuch trees as aſſimilate with a ſavage and mountainous country. Mr. Charles Hamilton, at Pain's-hill, in my opinion has given a perfect example of this mode in the utmoſt boundary of his garden. All is great and foreign and rude; the walks ſeem not deſigned, but cut through the wood of pines; and the ſtyle of the whole is ſo grand, and conducted with ſo ſerious an air of wild and uncultivated extent, that, when you look down on this ſeeming foreſt, you are amazed to find it contain a very few acres. In general, except as a ſcreen to conceal ſome deformity, or as a ſhelter in winter, I am not fond of total plantations of ever-greens. Firs in particular form a very ungraceful ſummit, all broken into angles.

Sir Henry Engleſield was one of the firſt improvers on the new ſtyle, and ſelected with ſingular taſte that chief beauty of all gardens, proſpect and fortunate points of view: we tire of all the painter's art when it wants theſe finiſhing touches. The faireſt ſcenes, that depend on themſelves alone, weary when often ſeen. The Doric portico, the Palladian bridge, the Gothic ruin, the Chineſe pagoda, that ſurpriſe the ſtranger, ſoon loſe their charms to their ſurfeited maſter. The lake that floats the valley is ſtill more lifeleſs, and its lord ſeldom enjoys his expence but when he ſhows it to a viſitor. But the ornament whoſe merit ſooneſt fades, is the hermitage, or ſcene adapted to contemplation. It is almoſt comic to ſet aſide a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. Proſpect, animated proſpect, is the theatre that will always be the moſt frequented. Proſpects formerly were ſacrificed to convenience and warmth. Thus Burleigh ſtands behind a hill, from the top of which it would command Stamford. Our anceſtors, who reſided the greateſt part of the year at their ſeats, as others did two years together or more, had an eye to

* At Wobourn-farm in Surry.

comfort firſt, before expence. Their vaſt manſions received and harboured all the younger branches, the dowagers and antient maiden aunts of the families; and other families viſited them for a month together. The method of living is now totally changed; and yet the ſame ſuperb palaces are ſtill created, becoming a pompous ſolitude to the owner, and a tranſient entertainment to a few travellers.

If any incident aboliſhes or reſtrains the modern ſtyle of gardening, it will be this circumſtance of ſolitarineſs. The greater the ſcene, the more diſtant it is probably from the capital; in the neighbourhood of which land is too dear to admit conſiderable extent of property. Men tire of expence that is obvious to few ſpectators. Still there is a more imminent danger that threatens the preſent, as it has ever done all taſte. I mean the purſuit of variety. A modern French writer has in a very affected phraſe given a juſt account of this, I will call it, diſtemper. He ſays, *l'ennui du beau amene le goût du ſingulier*. The noble ſimplicity of the Auguſtan age was driven out by falſe taſte. The gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at laſt the barbarous and the monkiſh, had each their ſucceſſive admirers. Muſic has been improved, till it is a ſcience of tricks and ſlight of hand. The ſober greatneſs of Titian is loſt, and painting ſince Carlo Maratti has little more relief than Indian paper. Borromini twiſted and curled architecture *, as if it was ſubject to the change of faſhions like a head of hair. If we once loſe ſight of the propriety of landſcape in our gardens, we ſhall wander into all the fantaſtic ſharawadgis of the Chineſe. We have diſcovered the point of perfection. We have given the true model of gardening to the world; let other countries mimic or corrupt our taſte; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original by its elegant ſimplicity, and proud of no other art than that of ſoftening nature's harſhneſſes and copying her graceful touch.

* The ingenious author of the Obſervations on modern Gardening is, I think, too rigid when he condemns ſome deceptions becauſe they have been often uſed. If thoſe deceptions, as a feigned ſteeple of a diſtant church, or an unreal bridge to diſguiſe the termination of water, were intended only to ſurpriſe, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition; but, being intended to improve the landſcape, are no more to be condemned becauſe

* In particular, he inverted the volutes of the Ionic order.

common,

common, than they would be if employed by a painter in the compoſition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object, becauſe that object has been employed by another? The more we exact novelty, the ſooner our taſte will be vitiated. Situations are every where ſo various, that there never can be a ſameneſs, while the diſpoſition of the ground is ſtudied and followed, and every incident of view turned to advantage.

In the mean time, how rich, how gay, how pictureſque the face of the country! The demolition of walls laying open each improvement, every journey is made through a ſucceſſion of pictures; and even where taſte is wanting in the ſpot improved, the general view is embelliſhed by variety. If no relapſe to barbariſm, formality, and ſecluſion, is made, what landſcapes will dignify every quarter of our iſland, when the daily plantations that are making have attained venerable maturity! A ſpecimen of what our gardens will be, may be ſeen at Petworth, where the portion of the park neareſt the houſe has been allotted to the modern ſtyle. It is a garden of oaks two hundred years old. If there is a fault in ſo auguſt a fragment of improved nature, it is, that the ſize of the trees is out of all proportion to the ſhrubs and accompaniments. In truth, ſhrubs ſhould not only be reſerved for particular ſpots and home delight, but are paſt their beauty in leſs than twenty years.

Enough has been done to eſtabliſh ſuch a ſchool of landſcape as cannot be found on the reſt of the globe. If we have the ſeeds of a Claud or a Gaſpar amongſt us, he muſt come forth. If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inſpire poet or painter, this is the country, or this is the age to produce them. The flocks, the herds, that now are admitted into, now graze on the borders of our cultivated plains, are ready before the painter's eyes, and groupe themſelves to animate his picture. One misfortune in truth there is that throws a difficulty on the artiſt. A principal beauty in our gardens is the lawn and ſmoothneſs of turf: in a picture it becomes a dead and uniform ſpot, incapable of chiaro ſcuro, and to be broken inſipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures.

Since we have been familiarized to the ſtudy of landſcape, we hear leſs of what delighted our ſportſmen-anceſtors, *a fine open country*. Wiltſhire, Dorſetſhire, and ſuch ocean-like extents were formerly preferred to the rich blue proſpects of Kent, to the Thames-watered views in Berkſhire, and to the magnificent

magnificent ſcale of nature in Yorkſhire. An open country is but a canvaſs on which a landſcape might be deſigned.

It was fortunate for the country and Mr. Kent, that he was ſucceeded by a very able maſter; and did living artiſts come within my plan, I ſhould be glad to do juſtice to Mr. Brown; but he may be a gainer, by being reſerved for ſome abler pen.

In general it is probably true, that the poſſeſſor, if he has any taſte, muſt be the beſt deſigner of his own improvements. He ſees his ſituation in all ſeaſons of the year, at all times of the day. He knows where beauty will not aſſiſt with convenience, and obſerves in his ſilent walks or accidental rides a thouſand hints that muſt eſcape a perſon who in a few days ſketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leiſure to examine the details and relations of every part.

Truth, which, after the oppoſition given to moſt revolutions, preponderates at laſt, will probably not carry our ſtyle of garden into general uſe on the continent. The expence is only ſuited to the opulence of a free country, where emulation reigns among many independent particulars. The keeping of our grounds is an obſtacle, as well as the coſt of the firſt formation. A flat country, like Holland, is incapable of landſcape. In France and Italy the nobility do not reſide much, and make ſmall expence, at their villas. I ſhould think the little princes of Germany, who ſpare no profuſion on their palaces and country-houſes, moſt likely to be our imitators; eſpecially as their country and climate bear in many parts reſemblance to ours. In France, and ſtill leſs in Italy, they could with difficulty attain that verdure which the humidity of our clime beſtows as the groundwork of our improvements. As great an obſtacle in France is the embargo laid on the growth of their trees. As after a certain age, when they would riſe to bulk, they are liable to be marked by the crown's ſurveyors as royal timber, it is a curioſity to ſee an old tree. A landſcape and a crown-ſurveyor are incompatible.

I have thus brought down to the concluſion of the laſt reign (the period I had marked to this work) the hiſtory of our arts and artiſts, from the earlieſt æra in which we can be ſaid to have had either. Though there have been only gleams of light and flaſhes of genius, rather than progreſſive improvements, or

flouriſhing

flouriſhing ſchools; the inequality and inſufficience of the execution have flowed more from my own defects than from thoſe of the ſubject. The merits of the work, if it has any, are owing to the indefatigable induſtry of Mr. Vertue in amaſſing all poſſible materials. As my taſk is finiſhed, it will, I hope, at leaſt excite others to collect and preſerve notices and anecdotes for ſome future continuator. The æra promiſes to furniſh a nobler harveſt. Our exhibitions, and the inſtitution of a royal academy, inſpire the artiſts with emulation, diffuſe their reputation, and recommend them to employment. The public examines and reaſons on their works, and ſpectators by degrees become judges. Nor are perſons of the firſt rank mere patrons. Lord * Harcourt's etchings are ſuperior in boldneſs and freedom of ſtroke to any thing we have ſeen from eſtabliſhed artiſts. Gardening and architecture owe as much to the nobility and to men of fortune as to the profeſſors. I need but name general Conway's ruſtic bridge at Park-place, of which every ſtone was placed by his own direction, in one of the moſt beautiful ſcenes in nature; and the theatric ſtair-caſe deſigned and juſt erected by Mr. Chute †, at his ſeat of the Vine in Hampſhire. If a model is ſought of the moſt perfect taſte in architecture, where grace ſoftens dignity, and lightneſs attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar obſervation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the poſition is the moſt happy, and even the colour of the ſtone the moſt harmonious; the virtuoſo ſhould be directed to the new ‡ front of Wentworth-caſtle: the reſult of the ſame elegant judgment that had before diſtributed ſo many beauties over that domain, and called from wood, water, hills, proſpects and buildings, a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chaſtity of art. Such an æra will demand a better hiſtorian. With pleaſure therefore I reſign my pen; preſuming to recommend nothing to my ſucceſſor, but to obſerve as ſtrict impartiality.

* George Simon, ſecond earl of Harcourt.

† John Chute, laſt male-heir of that family, deſcended from Chaloner Chute, ſpeaker to Richard Cromwell's parliament.

‡ The old front, ſtill extant, was erected by Thomas Wentworth late earl of Strafford: the new one was entirely deſigned by the preſent earl William himſelf.

A COUNTER ADDRESS

TO

THE PUBLIC,

ON

THE LATE DISMISSION

OF

A GENERAL OFFICER.

Henri voit près des rois leurs insolens miniſtres :
Il remarque ſur tout ces conſeillers ſiniſtres,
Qui des moeurs & des loix avares corrupteurs,
De Themis & de Mars ont vendu les honneurs :
Qui mirent les premiers à d'indignes encheres,
L'ineſtimable prix des vertus de nos peres.

HENRIADE, Chant vii.

A COUNTER ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

OFTEN as appeals on private grievances are laid before the public, it is ſeldom that they are brought to that tribunal with propriety. One of the caſes in which they are leaſt exceptionable, is, when the party appears as defendant. If public outrage be added to perſonal injuſtice, the impartial reader will receive with benignity, from the injured perſon, or his friends, a claim to their candour; if ſupported by argument, and offered with decency and temper. It might even be juſtifiable, with regard to the accuſer, to retort railing with invective; but the latter method not only diſgraces a good cauſe, but would imply a defect of capacity in the judges, as if their ſentence were to be extorted by clamour.

In the caſe now to be laid before the public, there is no intention of arraigning either thoſe who have oppreſſed, or thoſe who have inſulted. The former are too reſpectable, the latter too contemptible. Nothing is meaned, but an attempt to prove that a man who has been deeply wounded, did not deſerve puniſhment for his late conduct, nor could apprehend he had ſuch ungenerous enemies as would add the groſſeſt abuſe to the full vengeance which power had given ſome men an opportunity of exerciſing.

The title of this addreſs does not more clearly point out that general Conway is the ſubject of theſe ſheets, than I fear the deſcription does which I have juſt given. If the reſignation and patience with which he has borne both

both diſgrace by authority, and the moſt diſingenuous calumny from hands I hope not authoriſed, had not convinced the author of this defence, that the general ſubmitted himſelf to the opinion of his countrymen, from the conviction of his own blameleſs integrity, and was determined to take no ſteps to refute his calumniators; if after waiting to ſee whether himſelf, or any other more able of his friends, would take up his defence, I had not been confirmed in that idea, I ſhould undoubtedly not have thought myſelf qualified to enter the liſts in his behalf, nothing making me a competent apologiſt in ſuch a controverſy, but the clumſineſs of the antagoniſts I am to encounter.

The two worthies whom I ſhall chiefly ſelect to oppoſe in this conteſt, are the authors of a letter firſt printed in the Gazetteer, May 9, and of an Addreſs to the Public on the late Diſmiſſion of a General Officer. If I pay them the compliment of diſtinguiſhing their productions from the reſt of their accomplices, it is at leaſt not from holding their abilities in higher eſtimation. No; it is to abridge my own trouble, as theſe, I was going to ſay gentlemen, have amaſſed the whole noſegay of nettles, which had been gathered in ſeparate weeds by their voluminous comrades.

The firſt of them (the illiberal part of whoſe invective, as it has already been taken notice of, ſhall be paſſed over in ſilence) gives an intimation that general Conway had the vanity to vie with the illuſtrious Wolfe for military glory. I ſay *intimates* this—the whole ſcope of his argument tends to ſhow that he meaned general Conway. Nothing elſe could lead to ſuch a ſuſpicion. Let them heap what ſlanders they pleaſe on this virtuous man, yet they ought to make them ſome how or other coincide with ſome, however latent, ingredient in his character. But is boaſting, is vain-glory, the ſmalleſt part of that character? Is he oſtentatious, or a man of the moſt ingenuous modeſty? When did he brag of his exploits? Where? Is his common behaviour aſſuming? Has he arrogated merit to himſelf? Has he fatigued miniſters with ſolicitation for rewards? Has he complained of neglected ſervices? Have his brother-officers heard him comparing himſelf to Wolfe? In parliament has he vaunted his military talents? or is it to this private confident, this *friendly* letter-writer, that he has unboſomed his high opinion of his own merit? His life has been ſpent in public ſervice: has his arrogance made him ridiculous to his ſuperiors, or inſupportable to the ſubalterns who have been under his command? His private friends have ever found his deportment

portment humble, baſhful, and condeſcending: it is ſtrange that no man living but the letter-writer ſhould have diſcovered his preſumption.

The compariſon of himſelf with that deſervedly favourite hero of his country, general Wolfe, had Mr. Conway made it (which the letter-writer will give me leave to doubt, till he gives better proof of it than a malignant intimation), would have been in every light prepoſterous; and therefore, as that author does not call Mr. Conway's underſtanding in queſtion, was probably never thought of by him. Wolfe was a very young man, but a genius. He achieved his glorious career in one important action, for ever memorable, and reflecting conſummate honour on his country, on himſelf, and on the great man whoſe councils he executed. General Conway has gone through a regular courſe in his profeſſion for near ſeven-and-twenty years; has been formed under thoſe heroes the duke of Cumberland and prince Ferdinand; has been engaged in ſix regular battles, beſides many ſmaller actions; and therefore whatever talents he has, or whatever military knowledge he has acquired (if either are allowed to him), have been improved and acquired by long and painful ſervice. Though eminently diſtinguiſhed for his gallant and indefatigable behaviour by thoſe illuſtrious princes, he has never had the happineſs of achieving any action of remarkable eclat, or of performing *alone* any act of ſignal utility to his country. The author of theſe ſheets has ſeen his ſolicitude for employment in the field, his thirſt of ſervice, but never knew him prefer himſelf to the meaneſt officer in the army.

I ſhall here quit the letter-writer, and take no farther notice of his invectives, than as they coincide with thoſe of his fellow-labourer, the author of the Addreſs.

The latter good-natured perſon, apprehenſive that the Engliſh language would not furniſh him with ſufficient terms of abuſe, has had recourſe to his Salluſt for a ſentence, whoſe bitterneſs ſhould comprehend all the gall which he intended to ſpread through three-and-forty pages. Rome, when Salluſt wrote, was arrived at the perfection of eloquent ſlander, and at the dregs of corruption. Such a writer, at ſuch a period, could not fail to furniſh a paragraph to juſtify the puniſhment of an *impious man*, who, void of conſcience and honour, had ſtopped at nothing to glut his abominable ambition, and undo his country. The very caſe of general Conway. Is there an Engliſh-

man living, who underſtands Latin, and does not ſee how applicable the following words are to this high offender? *Equidem ego ſic exiſtumo omnes cruciatus minores quam facinora illorum eſſe; ſed plerique mortales poſtrema memineré, et in hominibus impiis ſceleris eorum obliti, de pœnâ diſſerunt.* The impious *men* alluded to by the hiſtorian were the accomplices of Catiline, and were put to death. Thoſe were the men in whoſe ſtory the author of the addreſs fiſhed for a ſentence that might ſuit the criminality of general Conway. I will not ſuppoſe that this author, who in his motto and in his book mentions with alacrity the word *puniſhment*, wiſhes that the parallel had been carried farther, becauſe he knows that *as yet* our laws do not allow a man to be put to death for giving *a ſingle* * *vote* againſt the adminiſtration. I am perſuaded his lenity is content with having a man ruined for ſuch preſumption; but he owns, p. 27, his ruin ought to be *total*. It had been no puniſhment, unleſs all he had, had been taken from him. He had been too impious, not to be beggared, as far as it was in the power of government.

Deſpotic acts, according to this writer, p. 26, give the idea of a tone of firmneſs and deciſion. Where he imbibed maxims ſo abhorrent from the genius of the Engliſh conſtitution, I do not pretend to gueſs. This is the firſt time we have ſeen it avowed *in print*, that total ruin was to be the portion of members of parliament who oppoſe adminiſtration. The galleys and the bowſtring give an idea of firmneſs and deciſion in the expeditious governments of France and Turkey——but Engliſh ears are ill-accuſtomed to ſuch ſounds, nor at a general election would it ſecure a majority to the court, if miniſterial candidates acknowledged ſuch a code. Even in eaſtern climes, baſhaws meet with terrible reverſes. A free nation, freſh from conquering in every quarter of the globe, will not eaſily ſubmit to domeſtic vizirs, who of all men living can claim leaſt merit from our ſucceſs.

The exordium of the work itſelf is ſarcaſtic on the people of England in general, to whom the author profeſſes ſubmitting his thoughts for their conſideration, though in the very next paragraph he lets them know, that they aſſume *too great latitude to themſelves in pronouncing their judgment willingly on all matters indiſcriminately*. He tells them they take this freedom of judgment for liberty, whereas it is *a cloak for maliciouſneſs, and an intemperance, which*

* It was not ſtrictly ſpeaking by a ſingle vote, but on a ſingle ſubject, that general Conway differed with the adminiſtration. The term *ſingle vote* is uſed to avoid circumlocution.

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ought deſervedly to be reckoned a reproach to a civilized people. The apoſtrophe is extraordinary, not over obliging to his readers, and ſurely little decent to a people *yet free:* For what is the context? A general officer is diſmiſſed for his behaviour in parliament, in a free parliament (ſo this daring author declares; we ſhall, perhaps, hear what the parliament next winter thinks of his aſſertion)—the people of England diſcuſs this ſubject—Licentious, audacious, uncivilized Engliſhmen! are you competent judges of ſuch a caſe? Let me tell you, in France, a civilized country, a man would be ſent to the Baſtile, who ſhould preſume to agitate ſuch a queſtion.

Yet farther: *Attempts*, he ſays, *have been made to render it the object of public clamour, and inſinuations have been thrown out that this was only the beginning of ſorrows; that ſuch an unconſtitutional act was not meant to ſtand ſingle, but was to be followed by the diſgrace of ſeveral other general officers; and leſt this ſhould be borne too calmly, it was induſtriouſly added, that the whole army was to be new modelled.* By whom theſe attempts and inſinuations have been made, I do not know: this author, I ſuppoſe, does, though a little apt to aſſert raſhly. Surely not by the general himſelf. The calm and decent reſignation with which he received the notification of his majeſty's pleaſure, the ſubmiſſion with which he acknowledged the receipt of it, his retirement in the country ever ſince, except for a few days, when he came to pay his duty to the king, and his forbearance of the leaſt murmur ſince, this behaviour will clearly diſculpate him from being party to the author's rhapſody. The reſt of this uncivilized nation, I fear, has not been ſo ſilent, though I believe no man living has ſaid *all* this author charges on many. Who has ſaid, this was the *beginning* of ſorrows? The proſcriptions of laſt year, the diſmiſſion of general Account, &c. muſt have been ſtrangely forgotten, if general Conway's diſgrace could be thought a *beginning*. That it has been reported, that a noble lord carried into the cloſet a liſt of ſixteen officers whoſe removal he adviſed, is certainly true—I mean ſuch a report; and their not being diſmiſſed, is no proof it was never propoſed. This author, perhaps, may think that to have ſpared them, gives *no idea of a tone of firmneſs and deciſion.* His notions of government are pretty high and deſpotic; he may cenſure too the time choſen for diſmiſſing general Conway, as weak and puſillanimous, not being done in the face of parliament, but reſpited till a ſeſſion was at the diſtance of many months. I, who think the preſent adminiſtration fully deciſive enough for the *preſent* conſtitution, applaud their temperance and their lenity. Their magnanimity I will wait for other occaſions of extolling.

But he adds, It has been induſtriouſly reported that the army *was going to be new modelled*—I had rather wave this point—it is too ſerious, and too delicate. Such reports I hope are falſe; from my ſoul I do. I had rather ſtigmatiſe the authors of ſuch whiſpers in the groſs, than enter into the diſcuſſion. No, there can be no ſuch intention.—For what ſhould it be calculated? What could be propoſed to be done with the army when ſo modelled? The preſent army has conquered in every quarter of the globe,—againſt whom could it be wiſhed to be employed, that it would not encounter with the ſame alacrity and valour that it exerted in the laſt war? Is there an officer in the army whoſe loyalty to his majeſty and ardour in the cauſe of his country have not been tried and approved? What enemies can the king or Great Britain have, whom the preſent army would not ſhed their blood to combat? What dark deſigns are there in agitation, which ſhould make it deſirable to remove the preſent officers, and place others in their room who would be more compliant, and of courſe deteſtable to their countrymen? There are no ſuch deſigns, conſequently there can be no ſuch plan. The nation is united to a man, Jacobitiſm is extinguiſhed, Jacobites pardoned and received into favour; from what quarter could apprehenſions ariſe to the government? *Only two* general officers have been diſmiſſed, and, as the author aſſerts, for parliamentary diſobedience: no commiſſions have been given to men of problematic principles. I agree therefore with this author, that it is highly blameable to inſinuate that there is any intention of new modelling the army.

One word he has dropped in the paragraph I have been quoting, which muſt not paſs unnoticed. The diſmiſſion of general Conway, he ſays, is not *unprecedented*; and he alludes probably to the caſe of lord Cobham, the duke of Bolton, and lord Weſtmorland in the late reign. That thoſe officers were broken, is certainly true; but with a wide and material difference from the caſe of general Conway. They were engaged in the moſt offenſive and declared oppoſition againſt the court. Whoever recollects that time, knows to what an intemperance of language and behaviour their oppoſition was carried. How the meaſure of removing them was received by great part of the nation is well known; it was diſcuſſed in parliament, and followed by that memorable proteſt ſigned by ſeveral great lords now living. Whether the ſtep of breaking thoſe officers was wiſe or conſtitutional, is another queſtion; but it certainly bore no reſemblance to the caſe of Mr. Conway, who, as I ſhall prove preſently, was by no means in oppoſition, is of all men living the leaſt factious, and ſo far from having been guilty of any indecent language before

his diſgrace, that even ſince it happened, he has not expreſſed himſelf with acrimony, or varied from that uniform decorum which has graced every period of his fortune. Unprecedented the caſe then ſtands with regard to him; and that a new precedent would not take its date in his perſon, and in this reign, was reaſonably to be expected, by the recent reſtitution of ſir Henry Erſkine, accompanied with a retroſpective diſapprobation of caſhiering officers for their conduct in parliament.

As I am unwilling to ſwell this addreſs to too great a length, and to engage in matter foreign to my purpoſe, I gladly paſs by two or three ſenſeleſs and declamatory paſſages in the author I am examining, whoſe injudicious warmth betrays the ſore places of his patrons, with as little ſkill in finding remedies. The club at Wildman's every body knows is a terrible grievance, and this quack cannot help tattling what he hears; fooliſhly enough, God knows, on this occaſion, as general Conway belongs not to that meeting, nor ever dined at that tavern; though this author inſinuates it (for what does a falſehood coſt a man who writes for pay?) by ſaying, *You ſee there are ſome general officers among them.* His grace's favourite nephew (who that is I don't know), the inſtances of the king of Pruſſia and Contades, and ſuch rubbiſh, nothing at all to the purpoſe, I likewiſe paſs over, and ſhall not meet this author again till page 7, where affecting ſolid reaſoning after empty flouriſhes, he deſires us *to ſet aſide from the queſtion every perſonal conſideration.* What his own practice will be, we ſhall ſee preſently; and as we ſhall find that practice to be directly the reverſe of what he demands from others; as he, inſtead of omitting, drags into the queſtion every perſonal conſideration which he can invent to aſperſe general Conway; it is evident that *all* he begs in the paſſage above, is, that we would forget the general's virtues and ſervices. If we agree to that one candid poſtulatum, if we will promiſe not to think that virtue and ſervices ſhould have had ſome weight in ſoftening the general's fate, he hopes by ſome arguments, or what he would have paſs for arguments, and by more contradictions, with the ſuper-addition of abuſe, to convince us that there never was an act of a more harmleſs nature to all the world, nay even to the general himſelf (*vide* p. 23.), than taking away the profeſſion of an officer who has ſerved for twenty-ſix years, has been in ſix battles, and who came home recommended to favour by prince Ferdinand, for the ſingle offence of having voted on a conſtitutional point againſt the adminiſtration. With all the obſtacles he overleaps, and with all the foreign helps he calls in to his aſſiſtance, the taſk

our author has laid on himſelf ſtill ſeems to be difficult; difficult with regard to the public, to the army, and to the parliament, hitherto not accuſtomed to be told, contrary to their petition to his majeſty at the beginning of every new meeting, not to have offences committed in parliament queſtioned out of it, that ſuch offences are puniſhed by the crown. In the caſes I have mentioned of the duke of Bolton, &c. the then miniſter certainly never preſumed, never dared to acknowledge that they were removed for parliamentary conduct. Every body knows how that age would have flamed at ſuch an avowal.

My author begins with telling us, p. 7. that "our concern for the general, as a man, would be more properly expreſſed for the conduct occaſioning this diſmiſſion." The outſet is unlucky, and promiſes ill for what is to follow. The voice of the nation went along with the conduct of Mr. Conway. They were, and are ſtill of opinion, that general warrants are radically and alarmingly dangerous to liberty. They love the man who was ready to ſacrifice to the liberties of his country thoſe emoluments which he had obtained by defending it againſt its domeſtic and foreign enemies. They regard him as a martyr to their freedom, and to his own conſcience: and let me tell this author, that they will deteſt a ſcribbler who defends, recommends, puniſhment for integrity. His next ſtep is to reduce his argumentation to method, which he ranges under three heads:

"1. What hurt has been done to the army in general by the late diſmiſſion?

"2. What particular hardſhip has fallen on the individual who is the object of it?

"3. What detriment has the public received from a meaſure, repreſented as ſo highly injurious to it?"

The queſtions are of moment: the author takes the negative on all, and defends each as ably as I believe each can be defended. If I ſucceed in confuting him on every one, it will certainly not be from ſuperior abilities, but from the impoſſibility of defending tenets ſo abſurd. A genius, from Rouſſeau down to this writer, loves a paradox; but even ſuch a genius as Rouſſeau is apt to miſcarry in the attempt.

Diſmiſſions

Diſmiſſions in general, he ſays, are ſanctified by cuſtom, though ſtate phyſicians have conſidered them as a kind of extraordinary remedy, not to be had recourſe to in the uſual ſtages of a diſorder, but only to be preſcribed when every other treatment has been found ineffectual. This deſcription of diſmiſſions he muſt mean, if he means any thing, to apply to the caſe of general Conway. What was that? Why, on a queſtion in parliament, certainly of a conſtitutional, and of the higheſt nature, on which the opinions of all men were ſo nearly balanced, that 232 were on one ſide, and 218 on the other, general Conway agreed with the leſſer number. This was the *diſorder* which, from this author's words, we are to ſuppoſe the miniſters thought ſo dangerous an one, that they tried every treatment to cure it. Indeed!—What are the noſtrums which miniſters *can* apply to parliamentary oppoſition? I know none, but bribes and threats. Did miniſters really preſcribe theſe emollients and cauſtics on a conſtitutional vote in parliament? And do we live to hear this avowed? Away with magna charta, the bill of rights, and the revolution, if men dare utter this language in the face of day. The boldeſt ſtate empyrics in the days of any Charles or James would not have ventured to profeſs ſuch doctrines. But if we have ſuch leeches, the patient, it ſeems, ſcorned both their drugs and their bliſters; he has proved his conſtitution ſound, and would not be doctored out of his honour and his virtue.

The next words of this defendant of the political faculty are not leſs amazing: "One ſingular property," ſays he, p. 9. "attending this regimen is, that as it is very *violent* (indeed it is) in its operation, and conſequently often annihilates the patient, (with what glee this butcher talks of violence!) yet it is often found to act collaterally, and produces the moſt ſurpriſing effects on perſons in the ſame diſorder." Am I awake? Do I read right what is before me? Have members of parliament ever ſuffered themſelves to be treated in this contemptuous and profligate ſtyle? Is the parliament of Great Britain ſo corrupt, ſo loſt to ſhame, that it deſerves to be told that its votes are to be intimidated in this manner? that the repreſentatives of the people tremble when one of their body loſes his employment, and become obſequious, compliant, ſlaviſh? Or is it to officers alone that this inſult is offered? Are the fifteen other gentlemen, ſaid to have been in the black liſt, of that very timid complexion, that they can hear this language with patience, and without indignation? Can any other officer in parliament endure to have it ſuppoſed

poſed that he gives a vote from fear or lucre? That he does mean the officers in general, who have ſeats in parliament, I am inclined to believe, as in the next paragraph he directly applies it to them: and he begins to ſoften his tone, by allowing that length of time and confeſſed ability in the profeſſion ſhould not be lightly ſet aſide: not, ſays he, but the beſt pretenſions may be cancelled by a ſequel of conduct which no ſituation can juſtify, no exertions of military proweſs can atone for. Yet leſt even this palliative ſhould reach that indecent perſeverer in oppoſition, Mr. Conway, he takes care to inſinuate, that the general owed his riſe ſolely to parliamentary connexions. He had allowed a little to length of time; but, as contradictions coſt him nothing, that conceſſion is ſoon forgotten, and the general's every promotion reſolved into parliamentary intereſt. Twenty-ſix years of very ſharp ſervice in two wars and a rebellion, go for nothing: the approbation of ſuch commanders as the duke of Cumberland and prince Ferdinand for as little—yet to this ſpiteful, invidious inſinuation we will oppoſe nothing but the teſtimonial of every officer in the army. If there is a ſingle one who will ſay that general Conway has been promoted beyond his deſert, we will allow this author all the weight that his ill-nature can demand. Had Wolfe himſelf lived, and acted as uprightly, as there is no doubt but he would have acted, it is not unfair to ſuppoſe that he would have received as little quarter from this martial legiſlator, who, though he would ſtigmatiſe general Conway with the imputation of owing his promotion to parliament, holds, in ſo many words, that time-ſerving in parliament ought to be the great rule of judging of an officer's merit. Do I miſ-ſtate his arguments? If I do not, what a heap of contradictions!

His next poſitions are ſo abſurd, that I ſhall only quote them, not deign to give them an anſwer. They are, that civil employments are acquired by greater induſtry, are more difficult to be obtained than military; and that if the progreſs in the former be more rapid, they are the ſure marks of uncommon genius and proficiency, ſeldom beſtowed, and not to be acquired nor maintained without a great degree of merit. We beg our readers to take the little red book, and examine the liſt of thoſe at the head of the army and of the ſtate, by our author's rule.

He is fond of this hypotheſis, and, in conſequence of it, tells a long ſtory about I really do not know whom, in the courſe of which he works himſelf

up

up into ſuch a fit of tenderneſs, that he almoſt weeps over a poor gentleman who broke his heart on being turned out of his employment. I am heartily ſorry for it, and hope, among the numerous proſcriptions of laſt year, which raged even againſt old domeſtics whoſe faithful ſervices had been rewarded with little offices, that not one of them was reduced to a like tragic extremity.

This moving tale, which, if applicable to the preſent queſtion, turns againſt the author's argument, becauſe the man did not die for being turned out of a *civil* employment, but becauſe he was turned out of his employment at all; for a man who wants bread, wants it equally whatever his profeſſion *has been*—This ſilly ſtory, I ſay, is followed by two or three pages of reaſoning equally abſurd, in which the author would prove, that if it is held right not to diſmiſs an officer for a conſcientious vote in parliament, it would follow that the army would become perpetual, and the officers would think themſelves hardly uſed if their regiments were to be broken by act of parliament. What ſort of underſtandings this writer thinks are the underſtandings of military men, I cannot tell; but here is the reaſoning he puts into their mouths. *If we do our duty in parliament, we ſhall of courſe be of opinion that we ought to reſiſt the parliament ſhould its acts interfere with our intereſt, for being conſcientious neceſſarily makes men unconſcientious.* Was it really worth while to waſte four pages in ſtating nonſenſe, which you ſee can be ſtated in four lines? Yet on this flimſy foundation the author erects the ſolution of his firſt queſtion, that the army is not injured by the late diſmiſſion: whereas, if there was the leaſt ſhadow of argument in his poſition, it would, according to cuſtom, make againſt himſelf. For inſtance, if officers were not to be puniſhed for their conduct in parliament, and from not being puniſhed would find their commiſſions perpetual, would not the conſequence be, that they are hurt by being puniſhed? In fact, his argument is good no where; and if it could be good any where, it would not be where he has placed it. It could only have the appearance of an argument under his * third head, not under the firſt, and there I would have given it an anſwer, to which here it has not the ſhadow of a title; for, when a fooliſh man anſwers himſelf, he receives the only reply he deſerves.

* Becauſe it might be pretended, that it would not hurt the public to have the officers undeceived in the opinion that the army ought to be perpetual.

Yet,

Yet, while he flounders from abſurdity to contradiction, he drops ſome ſentences that muſt not paſs unnoticed. *The army*, ſays he, *cannot but think that the general ſhould have given his aſſiſtance to government if he expected their ſupport.* Very decent words when they come to be analyſed. Is it avowed that the diſcuſſion of the legality of a ſecretary of ſtate's warrant was a meaſure which government wanted to carry? I thought it was a mere parliamentary enquiry how the law ſtood? If not, it was an aim at extenſion of the prerogative, a point on which parliament always has been and ought to be exceedingly jealous. The general, ſays our writer, ought to have given his aſſiſtance to theſe views. In what capacity? If as a member of parliament, his duty, as ſuch, forbade it. But he ought, if he expected ſupport from adminiſtration. Indeed?—Are thoſe the bargains which government make with officers? Does it ſay (I aſk for information), Vote for the extenſion of prerogative, and you ſhall have a regiment—or—to come nearer to the point—if you do not, you ſhall loſe your regiment? If this is the language of government, we have reaſon not only to dread the perpetuity of the army, but to fear its exiſtence for an hour. Why is it kept up? Becauſe we apprehend becoming a province to France——I have no longer any ſuch dread, if government holds the language which this author imputes to it. It is indifferent to me whether I am a French ſlave or an Engliſh one—perhaps there is leſs diſgrace in becoming the former. It is leſs ignominious to be chained by a brave enemy, than by baſe uſurping countrymen, and their treacherous tools. I affirm, an officer who ſhould act in conſequence of ſuch a compact as this author would eſtabliſh, would be a traitor—and for thoſe who would employ him—they would want a name. Yet hear *how* he goes on. *They*, the officers, *will ſoon bring themſelves to be of opinion, that as he went out of his way and of his profeſſion, to perplex and haraſs the ſervants whom the king thought proper to employ, it is no wonder that, in ſome ſort, retaliation ſhould take place.* It is difficult to ſay whether my aſtoniſhment at that man's boldneſs, or my contempt for his folly, is the greater. Turn over all the fawning ſermons of the court-chaplains in the reign of the firſt James and Charles; and all the prerogative tracts written to flatter the ſecond Charles and James, and cull any paſſage that ſurpaſſes the aſſumptions in this. What! Does a member of parliament *go out of his way*, who oppoſes the power of a ſecretary of ſtate? Are the officers of the crown ſuperior to parliament? Or is not parliament to check and controul them, nay, to watch over them, even when exerting the moſt legal powers? Is not this man's doctrine a ſubverſion of

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the whole conſtitution? Does a member of parliament go out of his way who calls the higheſt officer of the crown to account? Parliament is the ſupreme court of this kingdom; nor has it been heard ſince the Revolution, that the meaneſt member in the houſe of commons is not authoriſed to queſtion any miniſter, be he whom he will. How the general *went out of his profeſſion*, I do not ſo clearly ſee. He and every officer ſits in parliament as repreſentative of ſome county or borough. To act in parliament as an officer, might not be going out of his profeſſion, but would undoubtedly be going into it in a ſtyle for which he would deſerve to be hanged; the conſtitution not being juſt upon the ſame foot it was when Cromwell appointed his major-generals.

I take up this audacious ſentence, becauſe I perceive there are daily ſycophants who attack the conſtitution with repeated inſults. Such was that ſcandalous book, called *Droit le Roy*. The parliament deſervedly ſtigmatized it. Even the miniſters declared they would have complained of it, had it come to their knowledge. It is very ſtrange, that men ſhould act the part theſe profligate ſcribblers act! They expoſe themſelves to the indignation of their countrymen, by writing in defence of prerogative and tyranny, ſubmit to the ſhame of appearing to pay court to miniſters by the worſt kind of flattery, and yet take infinite care not to let that adulation reach the ears of thoſe for whom alone it can be deſigned. I have heard that virtue is its own reward, but this is the firſt time that ever infamy appeared to be ſo. Should theſe ſheets be fortunate enough to reach the eye of any miniſter, I truſt it will not be from the Oppoſition that we ſhall hear next winter of the Addreſs to the public being complained of in parliament, as attacking the deareſt privileges of that auguſt aſſembly.

The flatterer in queſtion ſoon relieves our indignation with a jocoſe concluſion of his inſolent paragraph. *The general*, ſays he, *went out of his way to haraſs and perplex the king's ſervants.* Poor gentlemen! I heartily grieve for them. Be they whom they will, that are ſo eaſily haraſſed and perplexed; as his majeſty *thought proper to employ them*, they ought not to be teaſed and vexed and bewildered. However new and droll the complaint is, it ought to have ſome weight. When our miniſters are ſo liable to be put *out of their way*, it is barbarous to moleſt them; and the only ſpecious reaſon which the author has given in his whole book for the diſmiſſion of general Conway, is this—*Retaliation in ſome ſort ſhould take place.* A general officer ought to be

broken for perplexing and haraſſing the king's poor miniſters. There have been miniſters, indeed, who would not have thought that turning a troubleſome ſpeaker out of his employment, would be the wiſeſt method to prevent being haraſſed by him——But theſe poor gentlemen were perplexed too, and therefore no wonder they did not act wiſely. *They were charged*, ſays he, *with ignorance and inability*. Here again a great miniſter would have confuted his opponent with proofs of knowledge and talents. Revenging one's ſelf on a man's profeſſion, is rather confeſſing the charge.

I have ſtated the author's premiſes; now let us ſee how he draws his concluſion. *The army will not* THEN *think themſelves aggrieved in this particular diſmiſſion. The cauſe in which this general was engaged, related no way to the defence of their profeſſion:* they will not therefore lament him as one "fallen in their behalf. And with reſpect to the ſituation of military men in general, whenever they incur the diſpleaſure of their maſter in matters wholly foreign to the military, they will be ſo far from making a cauſe commune, or from applying to themſelves as any mark of diſgrace, that it will prove rather a means of keeping them more cloſely attached to the reſpective buſineſſes before them, as the ſureſt means of preſerving a connection between their merits and their advancement."

This is the logic of our court-advocate; and ſince the beginning of time, I believe no court-cauſe was ever worſe defended. Whatever the miniſters are, the officers, I am ſure, muſt be men of very perplexed and perplexable underſtandings, if they can for a moment be the dupes of ſuch puerilities. For what is his argument? Officers cannot think themſelves aggrieved, if one of their corps loſes his employment for ſomething not relating to his profeſſion. Now the very reverſe of this is true, and is an anſwer to his whole firſt diviſion. They do think themſelves aggrieved; becauſe general Conway was diſmiſſed for nothing relating to his profeſſion. They do think it hard that the rewards of years, of blood, of bravery, ſpent and exerted in the ſervice of their king and country, ſhould be of ſo precarious a tenure, that they are to be ſacrificed to the vengeance of fretful and perplexed miniſters——Nay, that the rewards of honour are incompatible with the dictates of conſcience: that the merit of ten campaigns can be obliterated by one ſeſſion: that to ſerve their king and country is not enough; they muſt ſerve miniſters alſo: that the only ſecurity of honours, is the forfeiture of honour; and that they

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are to be told at laſt, after encountering all the hardſhips and dangers of their profeſſion, *that the ſureſt means of preſerving a connection between their merits and their advancement*, is to tremble when a brother-officer is caſhiered for his virtue, and to abandon him:—in other words, that a coward may riſe to the higheſt poſts in the army, and that a ſlave is ſure of doing ſo.

I ſhall be much more brief on the two following ſections. The defence of general Conway's character was the principal view of this tract; but that can be eſtabliſhed beyond contradiction, in few words. Yet even the excellence of his character would not be ſufficient to demonſtrate the injuſtice he has ſuffered, unleſs I had ſhown too, as I have I think unanſwerably, that it is unjuſt and unconſtitutional to take away the profeſſion of an officer for his behaviour in parliament. In the courſe of that argument, I have had occaſion to expoſe the alarming doctrines that are daily propagated, repugnant to this conſtitution, deſtructive of the unqueſtionable rights of parliament, dangerous to liberty in general (without which every thing we enjoy is contemptible), ſubverſive of the whole ſyſtem of the Revolution, and threatening deſtruction to the illuſtrious houſe of Hanover, whoſe ſucceſſion to the crown was founded on that revolution. No man therefore but a Jacobite can wiſh to ſee an extenſion of the prerogative, as every extenſion of it under a new family would be ſo far a juſtification of king James's meaſures. The defence of liberty, and of the preſent royal family, againſt dark and inſidious traitors, was a cauſe well worth expending a few pages upon.——I paſs to our author's ſecond diviſion.

His queſtion is, What particular hardſhip has fallen on the individual who is the ſubject of the late diſmiſſion? A poſition too ludicrous to deſerve a ſerious anſwer, and yet as capable of being maintained as either of his other ſections. In the ſchools we know ridiculous tenets are often given out for argumentation; but this is the firſt time that ſuch a queſtion was ever agitated in a political controverſy. As I have no leiſure to waſte on ſuch boyiſh impertinences, which carry nonſenſe in their face and contradiction in their mouth, let it ſuffice to repeat his arguments. The firſt is, that the general having a large independent income, which income by the way is his wife's jointure, conſequently precarious, cannot be accounted a great ſufferer by loſing the greateſt part of the income. The ſecond, that he has enjoyed ſuch large appointments, that, if he had never ſpent a farthing of them, he would

be very rich — But I trifle with my readers, and ſhould be as inexcuſable as the author I quote, to fatigue them by the repetition of ſuch abſurdities, to which, in truth, the author truſts ſo little, that he ſoon quits them for the more favourite topics of defamation. On this head he is ſo candid, firſt, as to beg we will believe nothing we hear in the general's favour; ſecondly, that we will liſten to every thing he can ſay to his prejudice: when both theſe conceſſions are obtained, he hopes to prove, that the general is no ſufferer. Any commendation of the general he pronounces *ſuſpicious information*, p. 24. Detraction in the mouth of a profeſſed adverſary is to paſs for unqueſtionable; though he will give me leave to ſurmiſe, that if the diſmiſſion of Mr. Conway could have been defended by reaſons, ſo much recourſe would not have been had to defamation: and yet I am of opinion, that it is eaſier to juſtify the removal of him than to ſully his character.

The firſt reflection we find is an indirect attack upon his political behaviour; though, while the author makes it, he tacitly gives up the whole ſcope of his preceding argument. *I do know*, ſays he, p. 25, *that altogether he has received much public money, and I have no room to doubt (as the greater part of it was given under his grace's adminiſtration) that an equal ſervice was performed.* Now, if there is any meaning in this paragraph (a ſuppoſition I only hazard, and may wrong the author by imputing any meaning at all to him), it implies that the duke of N. paid Mr. Conway for his behaviour in parliament——And is this at laſt become an imputation? I thought it was not only the moſt ſure, but the moſt right *means* for officers *to preſerve a connection between their merits and advancement.* Was the ſame conduct wrong in the duke of N. that is right in *perplexed* miniſters? That the author did mean this, is probable from the very next paragraph, in which he mentions the general's late conduct in parliament. But though he contradicts himſelf to get at an argument, he has not got at truth. General Conway's preferments came in the regular courſe, were generally conferred after particular ſervices; as his firſt regiment, which he obtained after the battle of Culloden, by the recommendation of his royal highneſs the duke of Cumberland; and in none of them had the duke of Newcaſtle more ſhare than in common with the reſt of the late king's ſervants.

Having now, as he thinks, cleared his way, and removed all objections of hardſhip on the general, both as an officer and an individual, the author's next

next ſally is an attempt to ſtate the diſmiſſion as almoſt the object of the general's choice. As if nothing was more common than to take away military commiſſions for parliamentary behaviour, and as if that practice had not been peculiarly ſtigmatiſed on the reſtoration of ſir Henry Erſkine, the author affirms that Mr. Conway could not but foreſee the conſequence of the part *he choſe* to take in public buſineſs: a part which in the next ſentence this writer terms *braving his royal maſter in his bedchamber*. This language is ſo much that of a half-converted Jacobite, that it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with it. How little is this man acquainted with the virtues of that royal perſon whoſe name he raſhly introduces into a libel! Has this man forgotten, or did he never hear of, that gracious declaration which characteriſed the very dawn of the preſent reign, that elections ſhould be free, and not a ſhilling ſhould be ſpent in obtaining a partial repreſentative? Is it likely that a virtuous prince, who truſted the uprightneſs of his meaſures to the free voice of his people, would imbibe partial reſentments againſt conſcientious members? Let this author take what liberty he pleaſes with miniſters, and aſcribe the late diſmiſſion to their vengeance, but let him beware of confounding their ſquabbles with the perſon of the ſovereign, who is the juſt and equal father of all his ſubjects, and who does not entertain prejudices againſt virtuous men for obeying the dictates of their conſcience. His majeſty may have been adviſed to remove general Conway, and has taken that advice; but he does not thereby become a party in a miniſterial quarrel, nor look upon himſelf as inſulted becauſe his miniſters have been *perplexed*. All acts in this country are conſidered by the law as the acts of thoſe who adviſe the crown, and as ſuch only I ſpeak of them. The veneration I have for the excellent prince with whom we are bleſſed, would not permit me to name him, but to reprimand this ſcribbler; nor would general Conway hold any man as his friend, who ſhould pronounce that royal name but with duty, reſpect, and affection. He would lay down his life for that amiable ſovereign; nor has there been, I believe, one moment ſince his diſmiſſion in which he has not felt the ſame ardour of love and zeal, which warmed him in thoſe happier hours when he had the honour of ſtanding nearer to his royal maſter. Let this ſuffice as a reply to two or three pages of rancour and indecency. One word, however, muſt be taken up: the author ſays, he does not remember in the ſeveral ſtages of Mr. Wilkes's affair, on which the greater part of the time before the Chriſtmas holidays was ſpent, that the general took any part in reſenting the inſult which had been ſo groſsly offered to his maſter. I might aſk him, whether he remembers that

every

every groom of the bedchamber ſpoke upon that occaſion; and if not one of them did, as I believe they did not, why ſilence was more criminal in him than in the reſt? Had he defended that inſult, he might indeed have been ſaid to have braved his maſter. The fact is, every man in the houſe condemned that inſult in his heart; but it was impoſſible every man in the houſe ſhould expreſs his abhorrence. But hear a little further:—General Conway, as is well known, was often up to ſpeak, but was never pointed to. It is much leſs known, but not leſs true, that his intention was to declare his deteſtation of the inſult, and to ſeparate it entirely, as it was in its nature ſeparated, from the power claimed by the ſecretaries of ſtate. After Chriſtmas, in the very ſpeech repreſented as ſo offenſive, Mr. Conway did make that diſtinction: but the author choſe a ſilent period preferably to one of activity, becauſe ſilence could be miſinterpreted, but actual words could not be tortured to mean the very contrary of what they expreſſed. Thus we ſee this author's malice is as unlucky when built on the general's ſilence, as it has been when catching at what he really acted.

If the libelliſt has been unfortunate hitherto, both in his facts and inſinuations, he will not redeem his credit by the ſubſequent pages.

One of the principal complaints made on this diſmiſſion has been, that it was for a ſingle vote. As the author admires *a tone of firmneſs and deciſion*, one might have expected that he would have applauded the adminiſtration for the promptneſs of authority exerciſed on a man who had offended but by one vote. How, on the contrary, he comes to be ſenſible that ſuch ſummary proceedings are not quite conſonant to the ſpirit of our conſtitution, I do not know: but ſo it is, that he endeavours to ſhow that Mr. Conway was not diſmiſſed for a ſingle vote. He does not, indeed, ſucceed in that attempt; yet I allow that, by the very endeavour, he is candid enough to own that the meaſure of caſhiering an officer for one vote is not to be defended: *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.*

I will ſum up his account of Mr. Conway's parliamentary behaviour, and then we ſhall judge whether our author has made out that the general was actually engaged in a ſyſtem of oppoſition.

Before Chriſtmas general Conway ſaid nothing.

Between

Between January 16 and February 17 he never happened to be of the ſame opinion with the king's ſervants, except on ſome one point in which Mr. Wilkes was concerned; the particulars of which our candid author chooſes to forget. I ſhall help his recollection preſently.

It was not adminiſtration alone that conſidered him as their opponent; the oppoſition were daily vaunting of him as an important acquiſition, and indeed gave out, at one time, that he had undertaken to lead them.

What doubt could be entertained of his inclinations, after the virulent charge of ignorance and incapacity which he poured forth againſt the miniſter *?

Whenever, therefore, the diſmiſſion is mentioned, together with the conduct in parliament, let the public be aſſured that the general was vigorous and active; and, in ſhort, totally in oppoſition.

Thus ſtand the proofs. Now hear the anſwer.

Not only from Jan. 16 to Feb. 17, but from Nov. 15, the day the parliament met, to April 19, when it roſe, general Conway was not once of a different opinion from the king's ſervants, but on the ſingle affair of the warrants: and I do not take advantage of many queſtions on which there was no diviſion; but when there was, he voted with them, as on the cyder-tax, the ſecond great point of oppoſition; and aſſiſted the miniſtry on the bill for regulating franks. Is that aſſertion, therefore, of our author proved a falſehood?

The caſe he chooſes to forget is no leſs remarkable, and the very mention

* The author, who in his firſt ſtate of this charge had uſed the expreſſion *the king's ſervants*, here names *the miniſter*. Who *the miniſter* is, I really don't know; nor whom the author means is it my buſineſs to enquire. As every thing *perſonal* is carefully avoided throughout this whole treatiſe, I ſhall not take up the term *the miniſter*, but continue to argue, as I have done, in generals. I deſire, too, to have it obſerved, that I have not introduced a ſingle argument foreign to the ſubject of diſmiſſions, and to the warrants which occaſioned the late diſmiſſion; not chooſing to imitate the conduct of the author I anſwer, who has dealt indiſcriminate abuſe on variety of perſons no way connected with the general in queſtion, and whoſe names, in this place, ſerve no purpoſe but that of calumny.

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of it will ſhow why he choſe to forget it. It was the affair of Alexander Dun, in which general Conway was peculiarly active, and aſſiſtant to the miniſtry, and by which he demonſtrated that his behaviour on the warrants was ſimply conſcientious, and that he was no partiſan of Mr. Wilkes.

He had declared to a miniſter, before witneſs, in the moſt expreſs terms, that he was not, nor intended to be, engaged in oppoſition. He had declared the ſame to ſeveral chiefs in the oppoſition. Which, therefore, is to be believed, the general or the author? For that mob appendix, of its being given out, that the general had undertaken to lead the oppoſition, I queſtion whether even the garreteers of the minority went ſo far as to make ſuch an aſſertion to any compeer in the majority.

We have ſeen what was the general's conduct, and what were his declarations. As they were repugnant to the author's aſſertions, his laſt reſource was to gueſs at the general's inclinations.—Was he then at laſt diſmiſſed for a gueſs—and that a wrong one? Leave out the word *virulent*, which is *gratis dictum*, to make ſomething of nothing, and I believe there never was a ſet of miniſters, who, not only by Mr. Conway, but by the whole oppoſition, were ever ſo gently treated as the preſent have been. Would not one think by the manner in which this author has ſtated the charge, that general Conway had accuſed the miniſters of ignorance in the revenue, of inability in making the late peace, in ſhort, of being the moſt incapable adminiſtration that ever diſgraced government! But reduce the charge to plain truth, and all it amounted to was, accuſing the miniſters of not knowing the preciſe extent of power for granting warrants veſted by law in the ſecretary of ſtate.

With what truth, with what juſtice, therefore, does this frontleſs man take upon him to aſſure the public, that general Conway was totally in oppoſition? Had it not been wiſer to defend the meaſure of turning him out of the army for a ſingle vote? The author has no more ſucceſs in falſifying *for* his maſters, than *againſt* thoſe they perſecute.

Diſſatisfied with his own endeavours, and ſtill ſuſpecting that the diſmiſſion for parliamentary conſcientious conduct would ſhock the nation, the author flies to abuſe, and plunges to the bottom of that mud in queſt of ſomething that may abate national pity for an oppreſſed and worthy man. I rejoice,

and

and have ever rejoiced, at theſe ſhifts of a deſpotic party.' When collateral reaſons are called in, one is ſure the true reaſon is not tenable.

But where ſhall defamation be faſtened? How aſperſe one of the moſt ſpotleſs characters that this or any country has produced? It muſt be done with a nice hand, and with uncommon addreſs. His virtues as a man, a huſband, a father, a ſubject, a ſenator, are unqueſtionable. His diſintereſtedneſs is conſpicuous, his modeſty moſt amiable, his attention to his profeſſion laborious, his courage unqueſtionable——It is true, and yet there we will attack him. In order, too, to appear candid, we will begin with allowing what we cannot deny. When we are ſo candid as to confeſs his bravery, we ſhall be the more eaſily believed when we inſinuate that he is a coward. We will drop the word Rochfort; and that ſingle little word, like a ſpell, will hint to all the world, that if general Conway had been the hero he is ſuppoſed, Rochfort would have been taken: and when that is believed, will not the miniſters be juſtified in breaking a man in the year 1764, who might have taken Rochfort in the year 1757?

This may be artful, and much good may ſuch art do any man that poſſeſſes it! It will lead him into as many ſcrapes as this author has involved himſelf in.

This interpretation muſt ſtrike every man as the evident intention of recalling the idea of Rochfort. Yet, as the author allows, and no man living queſtions, *the ſpirited courage of the general*, and as I would not load even this libelliſt with more odium than he deſerves, let us ſee if the revival of the affair of Rochfort will admit of a leſs malevolent explanation.—Perhaps the author, conſcious that no direct imputation would ſtick, yet officious to raiſe unfavourable ſentiments of the general in the minds of his readers, no matter on what foundation, might mean to call in queſtion Mr. Conway's judgment. An officer who has been taken priſoner after charging three times in the village of Fontenoy; keeping his regiment to the laſt in the field, in order to cover the retreat; and whoſe whole conduct has been a ſeries of intrepidity, cannot be written out of his reputation as a ſoldier—No, that will never do—We muſt try whether his capacity is not leſs proof againſt miſrepreſentation. Whatever was the author's meaning, the inference, as I have ſaid, is, that general Conway deſerved to be caſhiered for not having taken Rochfort

in 1757. But general Mordaunt commanded that expedition, not general Conway. Does an inferior in command deserve to be punished for that miscarriage, when the principal did not, but was honourably acquitted? General Conway was urgent in advising some attempt. Did that make him more criminal than his superior? General Mordaunt votes with the administration; general Conway voted, on one question, against it.—Perhaps this may have made some difference in the degree of their criminality.

Thus far I have argued upon the foot of some blame; but I have other difficulties to propose to the objector. The plan of surprising Rochfort was one of the vigorous measures of that great minister, Mr. Pitt. The patrons of our author always called that scheme one of Mr. Pitt's visions. Mr. Conway could not in any degree be to blame that Rochfort was not taken, unless the attempt was practicable. I beg this author to choose which he will censure, Mr. Pitt or the generals concerned. It will be difficult for him to revile both the one and the other. If, to serve a present emergency, he admits the practicability, he will be so good as to show that it was practicable; a fact that I have never yet heard ascertained: and when he has done this, Mr. Conway will remain blameless, who was innocent of the miscarriage, and who never acquiesced in abandoning the project till it was too late to undertake it. And, upon this occasion, I will tell the author an anecdote, and from very good authority. When the affair of Rochfort was public talk, the earl of C——— told the following story:—Mr. Conway, said his lordship, I am sure is brave; I know it from the best hands. I was commending George Stanhope (his lieutenant-colonel) for what I heard of his behaviour in Germany. 'Faith, my lord, replied that gallant young man, I believe I do not want spirit more than other folks. Indeed, I do not pretend to the intrepidity of Harry Conway, who walks up to the mouth of a cannon with as much indifference as if he was going to dance a minuet.

Our author, however, who is so blundering an arithmetician as to suppose that many cyphers will make a sum, adds a new nothing to the account, and infers from the silence of gazettes, that England can lose no services by this dismission. Have we heard of him, says he, p. 34. distinguishing himself in Germany, as we *did* of Mostyn and Waldegrave? Ergo, he ought to be broken. A man must have as bad a heart as this author, who could even wish to detract from the merit of those brave officers. Their country has signal

obligations to them. They contributed to that vaſtneſs of fame which made us the terror and admiration of the univerſe. Nor is it on gazettes alone that their reputation is founded. They are loved and admired by their profeſſion, and by no man more than by general Conway, who would as ſoon think to raiſe his own glory at their expence, as thoſe gentlemen would deign to countenance a ſcribbler in malicious inſinuations. He names the plains of Minden. Does he know that the preſence of mind and gallant conduct of general Waldegrave gave the deciſive turn to the fate of that day? I ſpeak of theſe officers, becauſe I eſteem them; not, like the author, to ſerve one party and depreſs another. Unleſs that had been his motive, why, in the number of our heroes, did he omit general Monckton, and forget lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah? Had this author ever ventured upon truth, he would not have denied that he had heard of general Conway in Germany. Was it a ſecret, though known to every officer in the army, that when the hereditary prince was wounded, general Conway was ſelected by prince Ferdinand to command in his place? Aſk that idol of every Engliſhman's affection, the marquis of Granby, whether general Conway was an uſeleſs ſecond? Aſk Germany, whether prince Ferdinand recommends incapable and undeſerving ſubjects to the favour of their maſters?—No; all this ſhall be ſunk in malicious oblivion, and general Conway ſhall alone preſide in councils of war at Wildman's, p. 34. where he never ſet his foot.

A fellow labourer in the ſame worthy cauſe, whoſe talent for poetry is upon a par with our author's logic, inſtead of giving the general a command at Wildman's, has, with as little truth, ſent him to St. Cas, where, too, he never was. As the lines are worthy of the cauſe they are intended to ſerve, the bard will, I hope, forgive the liberty I take of re-printing them. When the author of the Addreſs is appointed hiſtoriographer, his friend, I truſt, will be made poet laureat. Here they are, and they do honour to the age!

In future annals ſhould our children read
That Conway's fate was ſuch a day decreed,
They'll turn ſome pages back the cauſe to find,
Knowing that George was gracious, juſt, and kind:
High in the liſt of faction's crew behold,
A Rochfort gen'ral, Conway ſtands enroll'd!

Whoſe coward's tongue a quick diſmiſſion claim'd
(His honour, valour, at St. Cas remain'd).
The ſtigma falls; our loyal children view
Reſentment fall, where moſt reſentment's due:
Great in his praiſe, they'll bleſs the happy hour,
When Britain's honour dar'd be king, and Pitt no more *.

Such are the encouragements held out to virtue in the preſent times: ſuch the productions of a party who breathe nothing but vengeance againſt the liberty of the preſs, as the vehicle of ſcandal and ſatire! Believe theſe men, and the oppoſition exceed all their predeceſſors in calumny——but read their own productions, and you will wonder at their confidence. Their writings teem with the moſt illiberal railing. Whoever ſcorns corruption, is the mark at which every dart is aimed from the janizaries of the faction. Look high, look low; is there a great man, is there a good man, who has eſcaped the arrows they ſhoot in the dark? Yet they, good men, complain of ſecret ſtabs. When there is a miniſter as virtuous as general Conway, and who has been *only as much* abuſed, I will allow that he has reaſon to harangue againſt invectives.

I now come to the laſt ſection: What detriment the public has received from the late diſmiſſion. This the author tells us has been in great meaſure foreſtalled. As far as nonſenſe can anticipate nonſenſe, that is, forbid the expectation of ſenſe, this great logician has, indeed, already done the buſineſs, and might well caution us to throw by unread the ſequel of his performance. Yet, it being my buſineſs to ſhow that the public has been injured, I ſhall ſift our caſuiſt to the bottom, and leave him as naked of proof on this head, as I truſt I have done on the two former.

His firſt argument is as inconcluſive as all the reſt. *If it appears to your ſatisfaction*, ſays he, *that neither the army has reaſon to complain, nor that he himſelf has been injured as a private citizen, it follows of courſe that the public, which muſt conſider him in one of theſe two capacities, has not received any detriment.* Having confuted him in his two former poſitions, I might, perhaps, with reaſon reſt the argument here, by his own conceſſion; for, if in neither

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of

of the two former diviſions he has ſatisfied the public, the reſult of two unſatisfied queſtions will certainly not be ſatisfaction. But Mr. Conway ſtands in a third light, in which any injury received by him affects the public in a higher degree than in either the character of ſoldier or private citizen. He is a member of the Britiſh parliament; a repreſentative of the people of England, and one of the guardians of their liberties. He cannot be injured in that capacity, without a wound being given to his conſtituents, and to the people in general. The author had not forgotten this capacity, though he choſe to ſink it. He confeſſes in the next ſentence to that in which he had omitted it, *that it may be urged ſpecioufly enough, that the general has ſuffered in the cauſe of his country, for maintaining that freedom which is our glory and our birthright. This*, adds he, *has been artfully enough endeavoured to be conſtantly inſinuated.* How prevalent is truth, when it can force its way even through the mouth of falſehood! This we do aſſert was the probable cauſe of the diſmiſſion: this the author's whole tract aſſigns as the cauſe, and this, perhaps, will ſome day or other be proved to have been the cauſe. In the mean time we defy this author, or his patrons, if he has any, to aſſign another. And if this *was* the cauſe, is the public not hurt, is liberty not wounded, the rights of parliament not violated, the freedom of debate not checked, integrity of conſcience not oppreſſed? Anſwer, thou ſcribbler, and truſe not with the ſacred rights of mankind——And how doſt thou anſwer? By ſhifting and doubling, and changing the queſtion, and ſetting up a phantom, which thou haſt as little ſkill to combat as if it was a reality.

To prove general Conway was not alarmed for the liberty of the ſubject—that he was not conſcientious in the part he took for declaring the warrants illegal—what does this man do? He gives an account of a fooliſh bill brought in on a ſubſequent day, and exploded by both ſides of the houſe, and thence would infer that general Conway had not been in earneſt on a ſerious debate on the Friday, becauſe that ſimple bill was almoſt univerſally rejected on the Tueſday. This very argument was handled by ſome wiſe controvertiſt in the daily papers, was printed and reprinted with much ſolemnity, and ſome expence. It will not probably make its appearance again, after the full and fair anſwer I ſhall give to it.

In the firſt place, the bill was brought in by a gentleman whom the warm advocates for liberty, and the old friends of the houſe of Hanover, never peculiarly affected. They remembered ſomething of a bar-gown put on to plead

plead for ſomebody of ſtill leſs equivocal principles, and of ſubſcriptions in defence of the king and conſtitution during the late rebellion, preſented as illegal in Weſtminſter-hall. The ſuſpicious gentlemen of the minority perhaps *timebant Danaos et dona ferentes*; poſſibly their jealouſy was increaſed by ſeeing a gentleman who had defended the legality of the warrants tender a bill for pronouncing them illegal. They were authoriſed too in this coolneſs towards the bill by the damp thrown on it by miniſters themſelves——And here it is proper to aſk this blundering advocate a queſtion, How came it to be in the power of the minority *not to ſuffer the point to be ſettled by bill?* Thoſe are his very words, p. 37, and they are congenial with the reſt of his aſſertions. I might aſk him, how this rejection affects general Conway, who happened not to be preſent? How he knows which way the general would have voted if he had been preſent? If he anſwers, he ſuppoſes againſt the bill, I reply, he would then have voted with the miniſtry, who, being the majority, were thoſe who rejected it. Now, has not this able ſophiſt proved, that general Conway's conduct was not conſcientious? Has not he ſatisfied you all, my countrymen, that you have received no detriment by the late diſmiſſion? Has not he proved that neither the army, nor the general himſelf, have been injured? And has not he vindicated the miniſtry as completely as it is poſſible to vindicate them? Leſt his arguments ſhould have ſlipped yonr memories, I will ſum up the principal.

The duke of Bolton, lord Weſtmorland, and lord Cobham, were turned out of the army for being in oppoſition to the court: therefore it was right to diſmiſs general Conway, who was not in oppoſition.

This is a free country, in which it is inconſiſtent with the freedom of parliament for a miniſter to uſe bribes or threats; but when they have been employed without effect, it is right to uſe violence: therefore it was right to diſmiſs Mr. Conway.

Officers ought to riſe by their behaviour in parliament; therefore it was right to diſmiſs Mr. Conway, who did not riſe by his ſervices in parliament.

General Conway was ſecond in command at Rochfort; therefore he, on whom that expedition did not depend, ought to be caſhiered for a ſingle vote, while the principal commander, who votes with the court, is not caſhiered.

His

His name was not mentioned in the *gazette* ſo often as general Moſtyn's, or general Waldegrave's; therefore it was right to take away his regiment.

Mr. Conway gave no vote againſt the court when there was no diviſion, and two votes to one with them when there was; therefore he was in oppoſition.

He had a large income from the army, and a leſs from his wife; therefore depriving him of the larger is no injury.

The minority would not ſuffer a bill to paſs, which the majority rejected; therefore Mr. Conway had no conſcience: conſequently the public is not injured by the diſmiſſion of a man, who would not have been diſmiſſed if he had not been conſcientious.

I check my pen at this laſt word, which, though uttered in raillery, is but too ſerious. I weep over my country, not over my friend——his honour is ſafe, would theirs were ſo!——But how will this ſtory be read hereafter? How will poſterity reconcile ſo much mercy with ſo much ſeverity? When all proſcriptions on rebels and jacobites are taken off; when we all enjoy a common parent; when every beam of mercy is directed to men ſo culpable, and every phial of wrath is reſerved for a man ſo virtuous——how will they reconcile ſuch apparent contradictions?——Why, by the exact and reconcile diſcriminations of truth. The mercy will be aſcribed to that pure fount from whence alone it can flow; the rigour, to thoſe ill-judging ſervants who eſtabliſh ſuch uncommon ideas of rewards and puniſhments.

I will now conclude with ſumming up my anſwer, which will be compriſed in few words.

The late diſmiſſion is prejudicial to the army, to the general, to the public, for theſe reaſons:

1. It muſt ſlacken the zeal of officers, when they ſee that, after a life ſpent in the ſervice, they are liable to be turned adrift, to ſatisfy the vengeance of miniſters, and for cauſes no way connected with the profeſſion. It affects the honour of officers, who are by this author declared the tools of a miniſter; it makes their fortune precarious and deſperate, if they obey their conſcience; and inclines men without doors to queſtion the honour of thoſe who vote with

with the court, as a rod is held over their heads, and it is known that they act under fear of loſing their employments. It indiſpoſes their countrymen to chooſe them into parliament, as an officer can no longer be ſuppoſed a free agent.

2. The general is hurt in his fortune; he is deprived of the rewards of long and painful ſervices; and he is treated with the ſame diſgrace as men are treated in all countries who have proved themſelves unworthy of their profeſſion.

3. The public is hurt, if the rights of parliament are violated, and if puniſhment, which is only due to crimes, is inflicted on incorruptible honeſty and conſcientious virtue. It is hurt, if miniſters revenge their own animoſities on the ſervants of the king and the nation, and if they in effect declare, that to defend the liberties of the people ſubjects the guardians of thoſe liberties to proſcription.

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